MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 7 60p

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STARS AND STRIPPED:

a US President's Great, Great, Grand-daughter

HOLIDAY BONUS: A VILLA HOSTESS REVEALED

GENTLEMAN GEORGE:
VICTORIAN MASTER BURGLAR

A DARING DEB DISROBES

OPELS: FAR FROM
GENERAL MOTORS

MUM'S ARMY: CUDDLES ON
THE HOME FRONT

KICKI: THE NUDEST
SOCIAL WORKER

QUEST:
THE GYMSLIP
SYNDROME

CANADA/USA $1·75
AUSTRIA 50 SCH DENMARK 13·50 KR
FINLAND 8 FM FRANCE 10 NF
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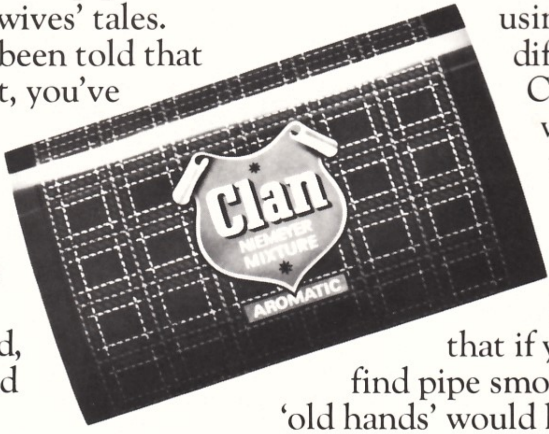
Unfortunately some 'old hands' tell 'old wives' tales.

If you listen to some of the advice handed out by some 'old hands' you could well be put off buying your first pipe. Frankly they often tell 'old wives' tales.

For instance, if you've been told that strong tobaccos are the best, you've been misinformed. Start with a lighter tobacco, one that isn't too rough or heavy. That's why Clan is the ideal first tobacco. Like all tobaccos with Dutch origins, it's smooth and mild, with a sweet taste you'll find very satisfying.

You'll discover other advantages too–if you're new to pipe smoking you'll appreciate how Clan burns evenly, and how easy it is to keep alight. Which is more than you can say for the unpleasant smelling concoctions that some 'old hands' smoke.

And talking of smells, you'll be glad to know that Clan has a unique aroma which everybody finds very appealing.



Of course, these qualities weren't created overnight, the Clan mixture was perfected in 1819 by Theodorus Niemeyer, using no less than eighteen different tobaccos. Today, Clan retains the same qualities which make it as popular with experienced pipe smokers as it is with beginners.

As you may have gathered, we're confident that if you start with Clan you'll find pipe smoking rather easier than the 'old hands' would have you believe. But don't take our word for it, try Clan for yourself–that way you'll know we haven't just been telling tales.

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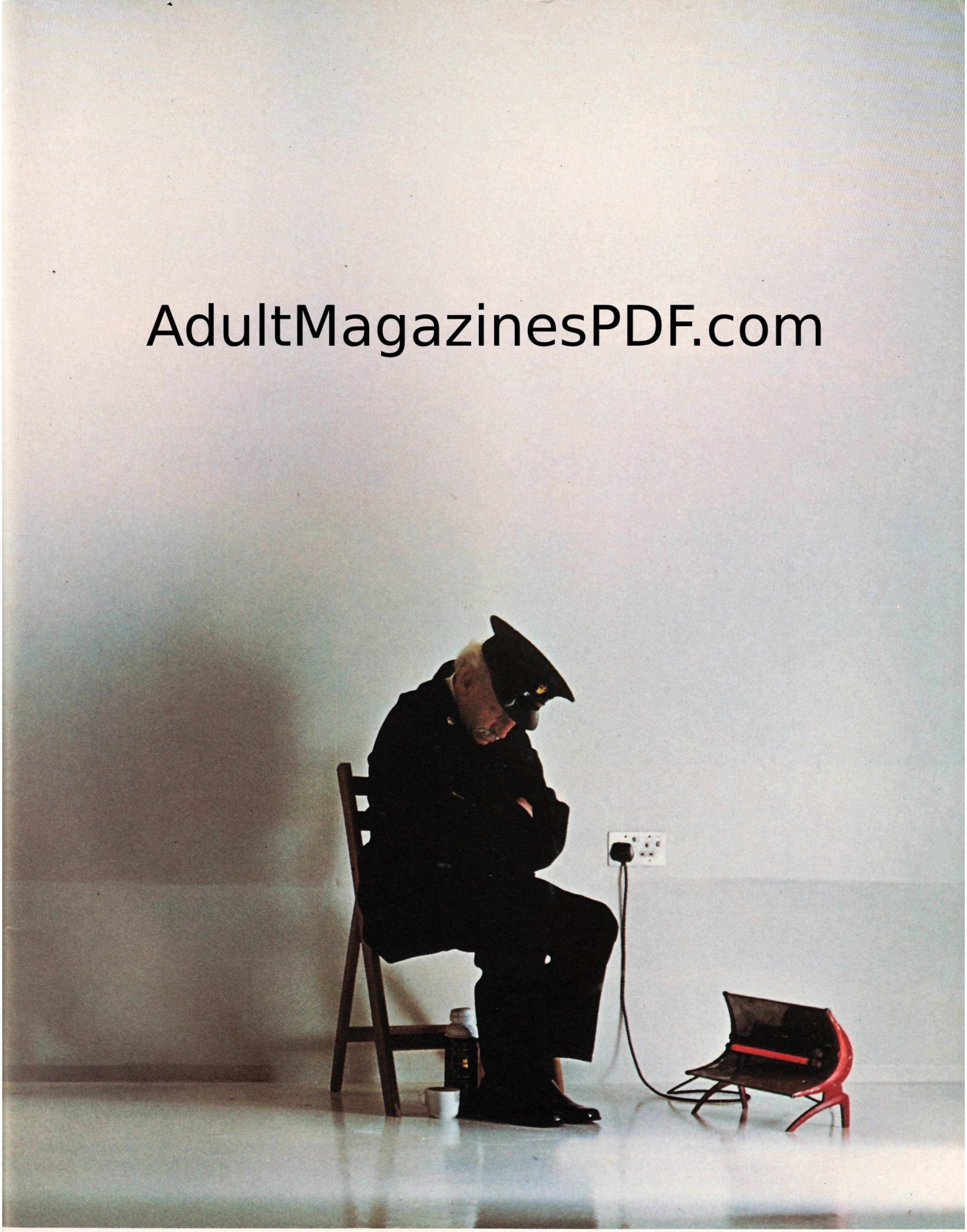

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CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

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pour homme
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New with Fluoride
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ALWAYS REPLACE CAP

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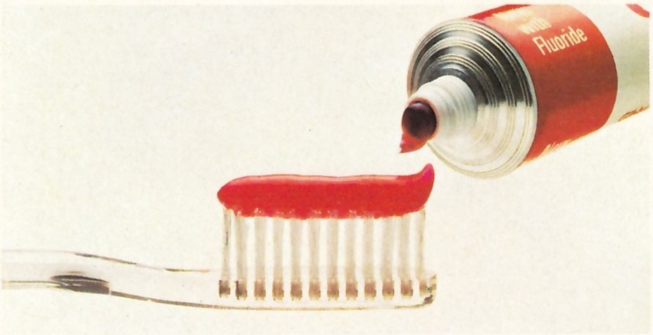
with Fluoride

Of course, it has fluoride. But Close-up has something else which makes it quite different from other toothpastes – a very special strong taste.

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So next time you pick up Close-up, don't just think of it as another fluoride toothpaste.

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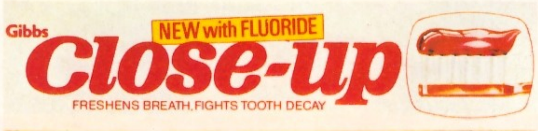
Gibbs
NEW with FLUORIDE
Close-up
FRESHENS BREATH, FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY

BECAUSE LIFE IS FULL OF CLOSE-UPS

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JULY 1977 Vol. 12 No. 7 ABC net paid circulation 423,813

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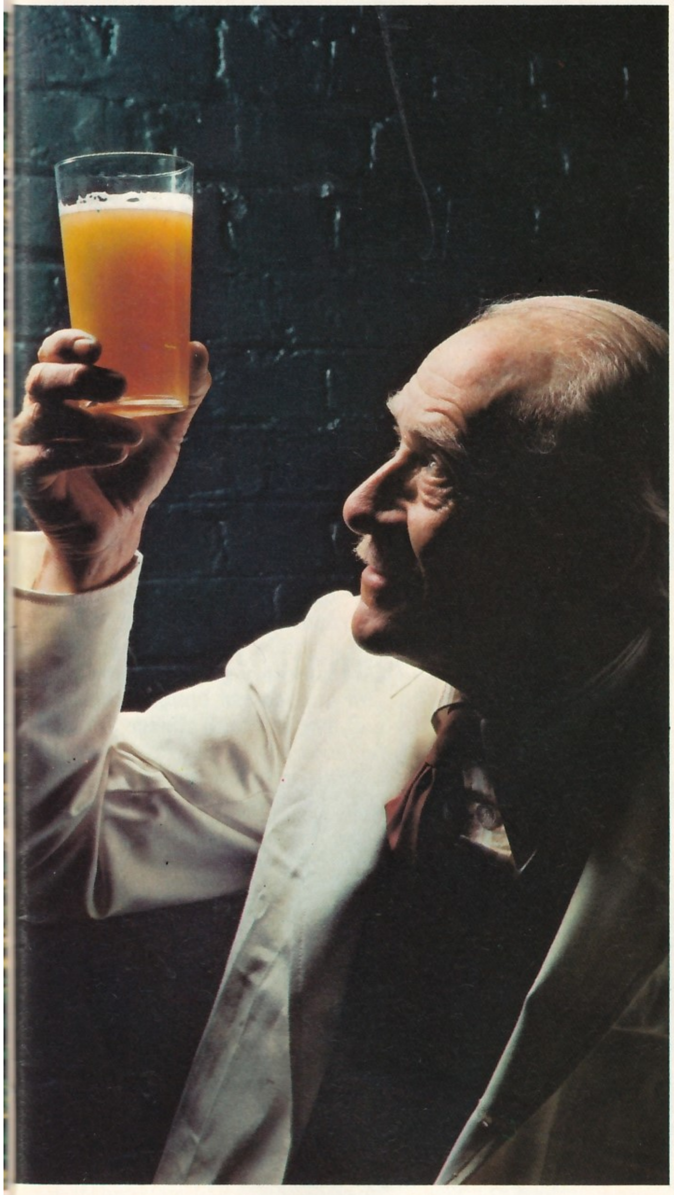

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FT 3

MIDDLE TAR

Manufacturer's estimate, February 1977, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I am prompted to recall a recent incident with my girlfriend, whom I found (or rather heard) when I came in from tennis one balmy Sunday afternoon. Going up to my room I heard ecstatic groans. Since my girlfriend had retired from tennis because she said she was too hot and bothered, I began to wonder what she *was* doing. Looking in through the door I found her back to me, and naked. She was gyrating slowly on one of the rounded horns of an animal my grandfather had shot.

I slipped downstairs and came up with a banana in my pocket and surprised her. She was embarrassed, slipped off the animal and went over to the window. Slipping behind her I gently eased the banana up between her legs. But laughing she rejected it and introduced something of mine instead.

Afterwards she confessed she had used many objects including my cricket bat handle. She found bananas very messy as in her state of excitement, and especially if they were overripe, she squashed them completely. Gently fondling me she said they were about as much use as my banana substitute was now!

R C, Exeter

In your feature on the Douglas Dakota (Vol 11 No 8) you illustrated the incident when David Lord won a posthumous VC. I am sure you will be interested to know I have made contact with Harry King, the sole survivor of Lord's aircraft. He has written to me this recollection:

'The aircraft was hit three and a half minutes flying time from Arnhem. The starboard engine was ablaze from then on. Lord decided to go on, seeing we were so near the dropping-zone. We did the first run, had four panniers left and I told him over the intercom.

'I was at the back of the aircraft by the door – which of course had been taken off. I always stood there at drops – paratroops or panniers – as when the last one had gone I informed Lord who then got the hell out of the area.

'He did a second run on this occasion and as the last panniers went away the starboard petrol tanks blew up. The kite dived in to starboard and I got flung out through the open door. It was my luck to be standing there. Anywhere else and I would have been thrown into the side of the aircraft and would have bought it. The effect of the kite plunging earthwards to starboard is best likened to the effect on you if you are standing up in a bus and it suddenly starts off, throwing you backwards.

'It seems so long ago. But it is good to remember those who participated.'

Alan Hartley, Coventry

My wife and I were sunbathing on a secluded beach in County Wexford when something happened which changed our lives. We had been married five years and our sex life had settled down into a boring routine. Anyway, we were lying there, sheltered from the sea breeze by some rocks; I was half dozing when I heard voices and female laughter. Peering around the rocks I saw a young man and woman walking up the beach.

Suddenly, the lad picked up the girl, who was wearing jumper and trousers, and she held onto him, one arm around his neck whilst kicking out with her legs. He put her down, caught her to him and began kissing her, at the same time fondling a breast. By this time my wife, Una, was also taking an interest.

Unaware of us, the girl had drawn the lad down onto the sand. Immediately he pushed her jumper up under her armpits and I heard Una's sharp intake of breath. The girl's breasts were full and pointed and we could clearly see her nipples standing hard. The lad began kissing her breasts and then tonguing her nipples, finally sucking on them. We saw his hand go to the girl's crotch and she opened her

'Mr Warburton's on the "danger list" – he only came in yesterday, and already he's made passes at four of the girls and pinched Matron's bottom twice . . .'

legs and drew up one knee as he began to knead her vulva. 'Do you think he's going to do her?' Una whispered to me.

By this time I had one heck of a hard-on and beside me I could hear Una's breathing quicken.

We watched as the girl's trousers were unzipped and she helped push them part the way down. The lad put his hand into her briefs and began to frig her, so the girl reached out, unzipped him and put her hand into his slacks.

'I'm soaking wet,' Una said. Uncaring, I put my hand into my trunks and moved my erection to a more comfortable position.

The girl was really getting worked up. We could see her abdominal muscles tightening and relaxing and then she began to tug at his slacks. The love-play stopped while they stripped each other.

Suddenly, aware of Una's heavy breathing, I looked round: her hand was between her legs, rubbing at herself through her bikini briefs. I put an arm round her and cupped her breast, the other hand I slipped into her briefs: she was running wet and very open. She clung to me, reaching into my trunks and taking hold of my penis. I slid two fingers into Una as we watched the couple copulate.

Una took hold of my hand and reaching into her briefs, indicated that she wanted me to frig her. She came almost at once and clung to me gasping, trembling, and I felt a warm wetness. 'Oh Christ, look how he's fucking her!' Una had never used language like that before.

Indeed, the girl was lying with her legs wide open, hips writhing, as her boyfriend thrust at her madly. We watched the lad slow a little, then lock himself deep into the girl, quivering as he came while the girl moved in convulsive jerkings.

'Fuck me now. Like that,' Una begged, tugging at my trunks. As I began to pull them down so Una removed her own and pulled me on top. I reached down, guided myself in and Una orgasmed. I managed about a dozen strokes and then I came, suddenly, violently and unexpectedly and under me Una climaxed again. It had never been like that before, not even on our honeymoon. When we got our breath back we peered around the rocks again – the couple were still there. The girl was kneeling astride her boyfriend and she had his penis in her hand; she was leaning over him, her weight on her other hand so that he could fondle her breasts, kneading them, squeezing them. We saw the girl insert the stiffened penis into herself and there began a slow copulation with the girl sometimes leaning back to give the boy a view of his penis inside her. Sometimes she would sit up and frig herself, then she would lean over him so he could nibble a nipple.

As we watched, Una and I love-played with each other and I told her that she had never done anything like that to me.

'You never asked me,' she replied, gently giving me another erection.

When the action was over and the couple lay side-by-side in the sun Una and I crept into the woods behind the beach. There I fucked her, standing her against a tree and afterwards we had a good heart-to-heart talk. I asked her why, given that she had just come four times quickly, she only wanted sex once a week. 'But it's you who doesn't want it,' she said, 'I get so sexy at times. You saw what I was doing to myself.'

'Don't you think I have to ease myself, too?' I remonstrated.

'Then why . . .' she began.

'But you didn't want sex,' I reminded her. Then she almost exploded.

'Why does it always have to be in bed? Why is it up with my nightie, a quick feel and an even quicker bunk up? You've never once done what that lad did – suck my breasts.' I began to feel foolish.

'I wanted to,' I said, 'but I didn't think you'd like it . . .' Una interrupted. 'You put your fingers into me earlier and you've never done that before.' The outcome was that after five years of marriage we got to know each other.

From once a week, we are now having sex at least once a day – thanks to our holiday.

(*Name and address withheld*)

I must admit to cringing a little as I discovered the name of my hometown – Penistone – in a reader's letter about amusing place names.

I have heard it referred to as

turn to page 14

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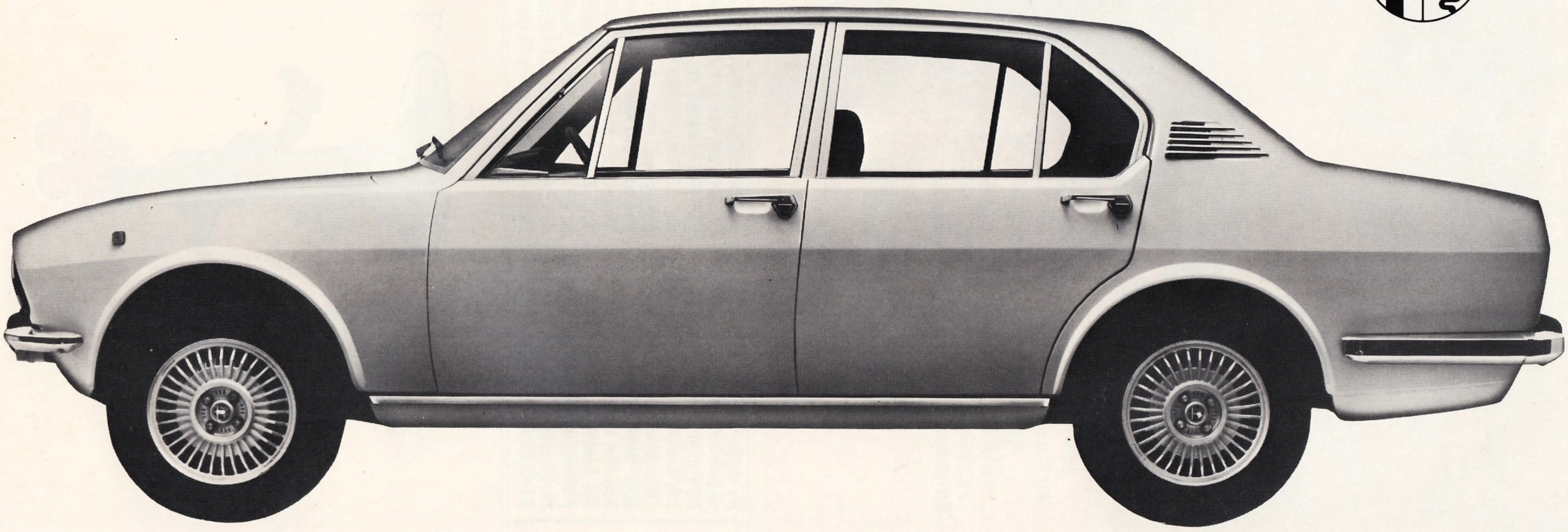


LETTERS

continued from page 12

Penis-town and prick-village but I doubt if these are in common usage or if they'll stick as Penistone is usually pronounced as Penny-stun and, therefore, except in the written form, has no link with the male organ.

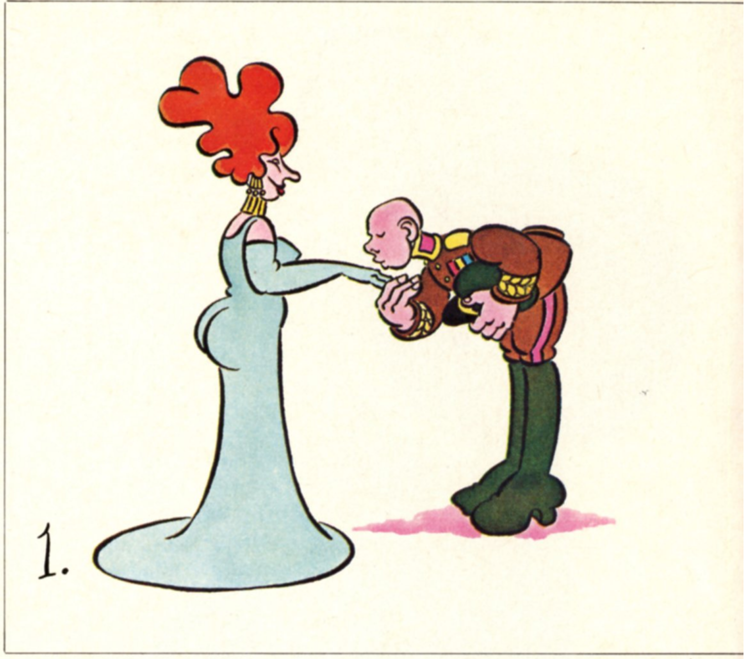
Might I, however, suggest Huddersfield, as in 'Have you ever had your Huddersfield?'
J B, Penistone, Yorks

Or Whitby, as in 'Whitby your dirty hands a-doin' in my knickers, George?'

I enjoyed the letter by Anne on the subject of belly-buttons (Vol 12 No 5).

The sight of a female tummy-button in photographs and in the flesh turns me on. I find this a delightful part of a woman's anatomy and consider that it increases her sex appeal. The shape and size of the tummy-button varies for each individual and in my opinion this is what makes it more seductive. By coincidence, the two types I like best are the two described by Anne as belonging to herself and her friend, Sue: one is large and set deep in the stomach while the other protrudes and, to me, often looks like a third nipple. My final words must be 'keep revealing your navels, girls.'
B D, Manchester

A few months ago you gave us Cassie (Vol 11 No 12). One's eye isn't normally caught by abdomens (or abdomina) or, let us say, bellies, but Cassie's was quite the loveliest belly to have graced your recent pages. She had a tiny appendectomy scar, but it only made for a dimple where there isn't usually a dimple, and dimples are always attractive. Solomon in his famous song went for bellies; Cassie showed us why.
R Weatherill, Guildford, Surrey



I recently returned to Britain after working abroad for two years and one day while browsing through some *Mayfair* back numbers at my boyfriend's flat I noticed several letters from girls who were turned on by medical examinations. I have had a thing about doctors ever since school when we all had to strip down to our panties and wait in line for the doctor's inspection. It was exciting just watching the other girls being examined, but when it was my turn and the doctor's cool hand slid down the front of my panties to check my pussy, wow!

Fortunately, I am healthy and not ill often, but my company insists that staff have an annual check-up. I must be something of an exhibitionist because I look forward to when the company doctor, who is young and quite good looking, says 'take off all your clothes please.' I never go behind a screen but strip off there in front of him and usually I wear sexy undies and a suspender belt, which he

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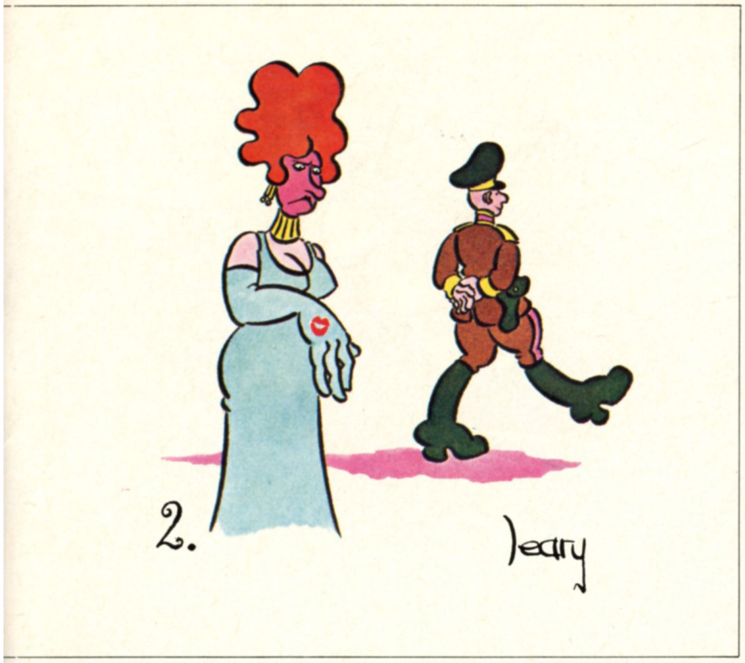

sometimes comments on. But, of course, doctors here aren't allowed to screw their patients. In France, apparently, they are, as I found out when I was stationed there.

One evening I went to an office party and was introduced to a blond American. We had had several drinks and the conversation turned sexy. I told him some of my fantasies and how I had always wanted to get laid by a doctor on the job. Just then I got dragged off to meet someone else and when I was again free, he had left.

The next morning I received a memo instructing me to report to the sick-bay for a routine medical examination at six in the evening. There was no one in the waiting-room when I arrived but just as I sat down the consulting-room door opened and who should be there in a white coat and with a stethoscope around his neck? None other than the American from the previous night's party. The surgery was really something, all white tiles, Scandinavian furniture and potted plants to one side, the examination couch, all leather and chrome, to the other. I was already feeling damp between my thighs. He asked me the usual questions and then invited me to undress, which I did while he watched appreciatively, making no attempt to pull the screen across.

When I was nude and lying on the couch he gave me a thorough examination, then he said he wanted to test my erogenic responses and then proceeded to do just that. First he spread and massaged each breast, working around and around until my nipples were hard and erect. Then he bent over and sucked each nipple really hard. This made me very excited and I was breathing fast, but before I could climax he turned his attention to my vagina, pulling back the lips which, by now, were moist and expectant, and gently stroking my clitoris before inserting two fingers deep inside my passion passage.

I was aching for a climax. He withdrew his fingers and said 'You're in great shape, baby, now how about putting your fantasy to the test?' I was so excited I just grabbed for him. He was out of his clothes in a flash and did he have the right equipment. He must have been excited for he slid right into me so far it almost hurt. My hips were writhing and he began to buck and heave until we both came together in a mind-shattering climax. He really knew what he was doing and this, combined with the unique situation, gave me the greatest satisfaction yet.

What a shame it is that one can't get this sort of treatment on the National Health. Or can we, judging from recent Sunday paper exposés?

Carole N, Torquay, Devon

Now that the magazine *Cinema X* has decided to review only

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Peugeot takes up where the Mini-Cooper left off, in its own inimitable French-style. In the lion-hearted Peugeot 104 ZS Coupe.
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LOVE IN THE BLITZ

Cuddles in the Morrison shelter, couplings on the Tube, sex in World War Two London was often more casual than today

Nostalgia by Dolly Coe

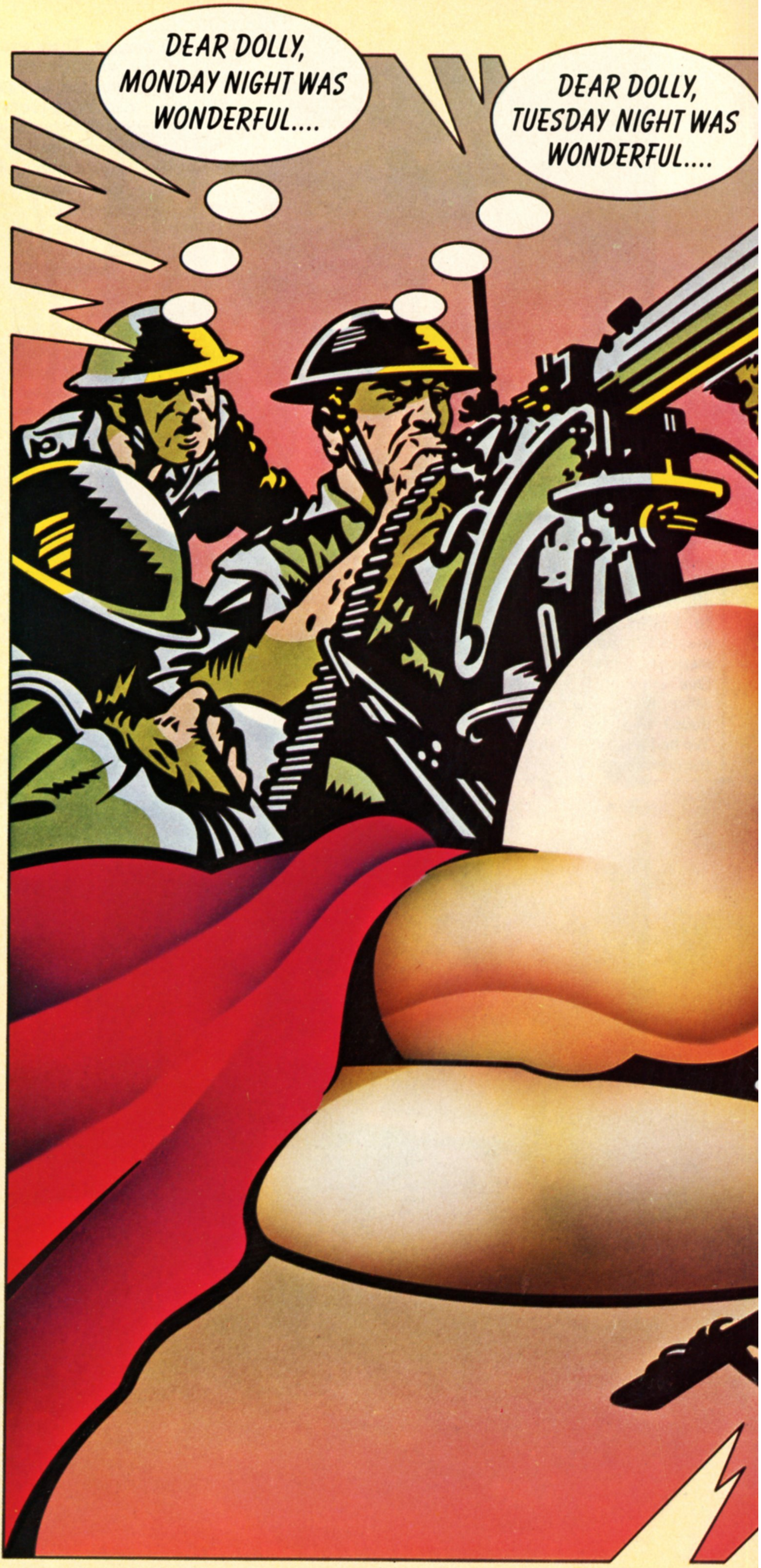

DEAR DOLLY, MONDAY NIGHT WAS WONDERFUL....
DEAR DOLLY, TUESDAY NIGHT WAS WONDERFUL....

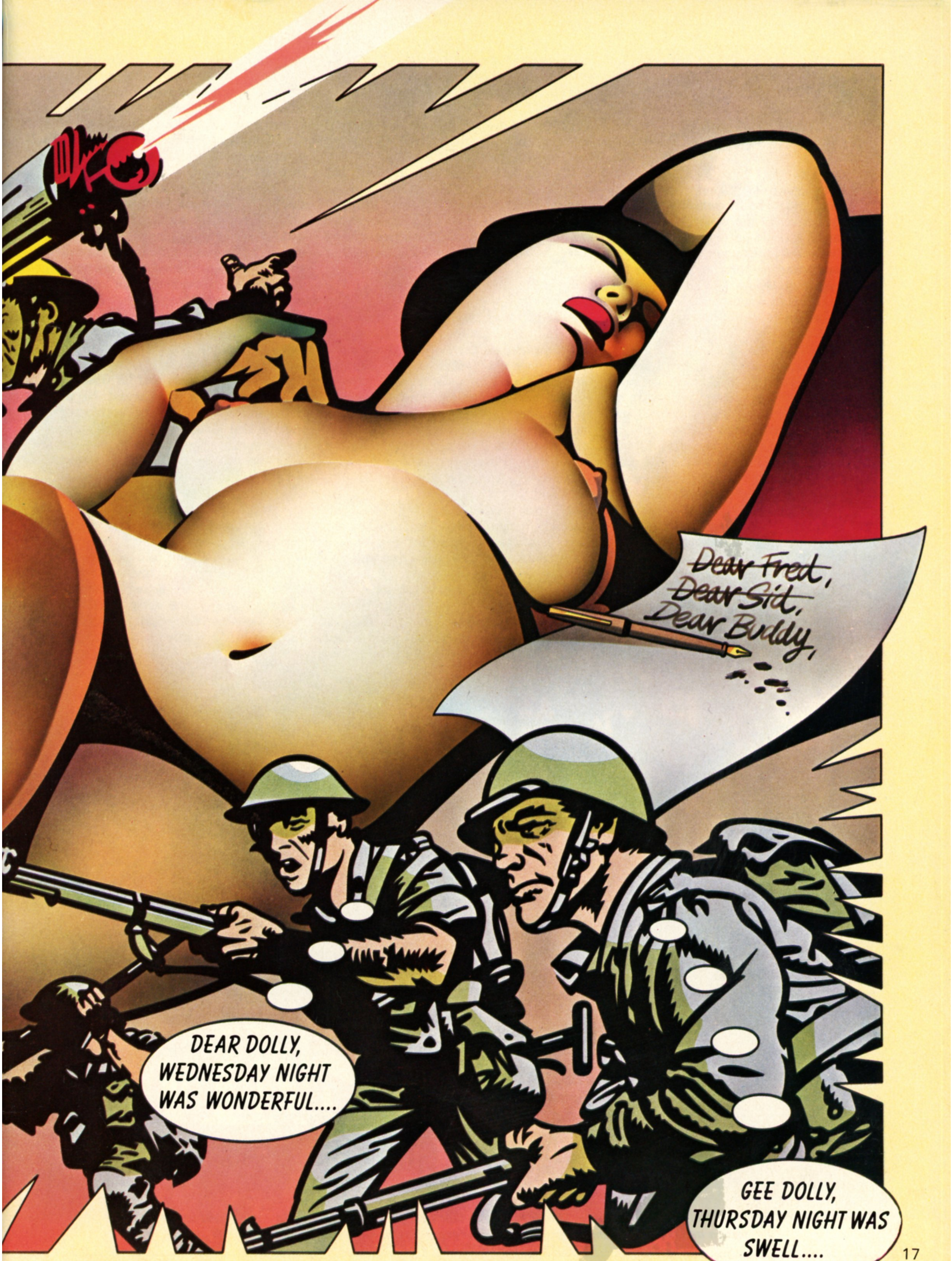
ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE FARRELL

During the war years I always attributed my sexual popularity to the fact that I was man crazy and didn't give a damn what colour the uniform was.

I remember those years with a good deal of nostalgia. They were troubled, difficult times that stood apart from the rest of my life, perhaps because the young lived, like I did, for today and said to hell with the tomorrows which might never appear.

I was more fortunate than many other women; at least I had come to terms with the war. My husband Billy had been killed three days after the war started. He caught a bullet in the head and died instantly. Funnily enough I knew I'd never see him again. He was good looking devil, although I say so myself, and he wanted it every night when he was at home. I don't suppose I'll ever know why he joined the Regular Army so soon after we were married although he kept talking about Hitler and wanting to fight for his country. Perhaps ignorance is bliss because he never really knew much about politics. Naturally I was left with a good Army pension but I often wonder even now where he was buried, if he was buried at all. What ever kind of man he was he didn't deserve to go so quickly.

His death gave me my freedom. The small terraced house we rented soon became a popular meeting place for quite a number of lonely young soldiers and men in blue. Croydon was a prime target in later years and, although I could have been evacuated to Yorkshire, I liked being in our house with the few possessions I had managed to build up during the two years of our marriage. Giving consolation, and sexual sustenance to the soldier was my own personal war effort; I thought nothing of sleeping with two or three of them in one night. After all, you couldn't leave out one poor little devil who was dying from


~~Dear Fred~~,
~~Dear Sid~~,
Dear Buddy,
DEAR DOLLY, WEDNESDAY NIGHT WAS WONDERFUL....
GEE DOLLY, THURSDAY NIGHT WAS SWELL....

frustration, could you? Life was rich in those days, rich in flesh; and human dignity was often shelved, together with pride and the other luxuries that we all take for granted these days.

Today when I read about the escapades of certain young women in the pages of the glossy magazines, I have to laugh. They are, after all, only doing what we did in the black-out, those hours when the most important thing in the world was to find someone to snuggle up to, whether it was for the moment or for good, just as long as there was someone there to hold on to. Sexually I had always had an enormous appetite. I would wander off to the *Green Dragon,* a select little pub and there, amidst crowds of Canadian soldiers, select a stud for the night. As I did it, I would laugh to myself, imagining I was a race-goer, eyeing the horses before the race and trying to judge their performance. The first fellow who really impressed me between the sheets was a thick-set, bitter-swigging Canadian who answered to the name of Buddy. He smoked Black Cat cigarettes incessantly and his thick wavy hair grew like a dense forest on his head, while between his legs a second Vancouver Forest sprouted, the perfect backdrop for his impressive manhood which I saw on the night I first met him. While drinking in the pub, he had nonchalantly produced a pair of silk stockings from the inner depths of his battledress top, so naturally, that endeared him to me immediately. Women in those days would sell their soul, and anything else they had, to get such goodies and I was no exception, despite the fact that I already had three pairs tucked snugly in my drawer. They were a present from a grateful captain who had enjoyed my company one rainy night during the first few months of the war.

Buddy was different though. He had that sexy, energetic look about him and no sooner had I finished my third gin and lime than he was teasing me with his mouth and telling me how much he fancied me. Any woman would have been flattered at the onset of tantalising kisses and risque endearments that drifted between us like smoke signals.

We left the warm, smoky atmosphere of the pub and drifted out into the darkness with our arms around each other. Once inside the house, we advanced up the stairs as though we were on some tactical exercise. He ran his hand up the back of my legs and whispered in my ear that he had a friend who sold stockings on the black market and that if my breasts were as good out of their holsters as they were in them, a dozen pairs would be mine by the end of the week.

Buddy was quick to rid himself of his khaki-coloured uniform. He undressed like many a soldier, hanging his coat over a chair, folding up his trousers and unlacing his boots as he sat on the side of the bed. As I watched him, I didn't think he was going to be any good. The way he was taking his time made me think that to him making love was as much part of his regulation duty as cleaning his belt and polishing his boots. Always a quick stripper, I had time to get used to men's habits; the way they stubbed their cigarettes out in an ashtray, making sure that not an ounce of tobacco was wasted and the eager, almost frenzied way they guarded their identity card.

My thoughts were arrested abruptly as Buddy slid in beside me. I had left my silk petticoat on, thinking that I didn't want to make it too easy for him. But the joke was on me; he astounded me with his performance. His hand slithered over my petticoat until it reached the hem, then swiftly, but with sensuous movements that excited my flesh, he pulled it higher and higher until it was over my breasts and his stubbled face was gently grazing the tips of my nipples. It hadn't taken me long to discover that most men, lonely and far from home, liked to suck on a good breast. No doubt it reminded them of the comfort their mother had given them as a baby, or of a wife somewhere; I must say, the majority of my lovers were superb nipple lickers.

This husky Canadian was no exception. His hands soon had the silk petticoat over my head, and he tossed it across the room as though it were a hand grenade. The fire between my legs exploded beneath his warm flesh as I felt his face nuzzling my ear and his lips drift past my neck onto my shoulder. Swiftly he moved on top of me like an ardent swimmer; up and down, his hands went, caressing each part of me as if

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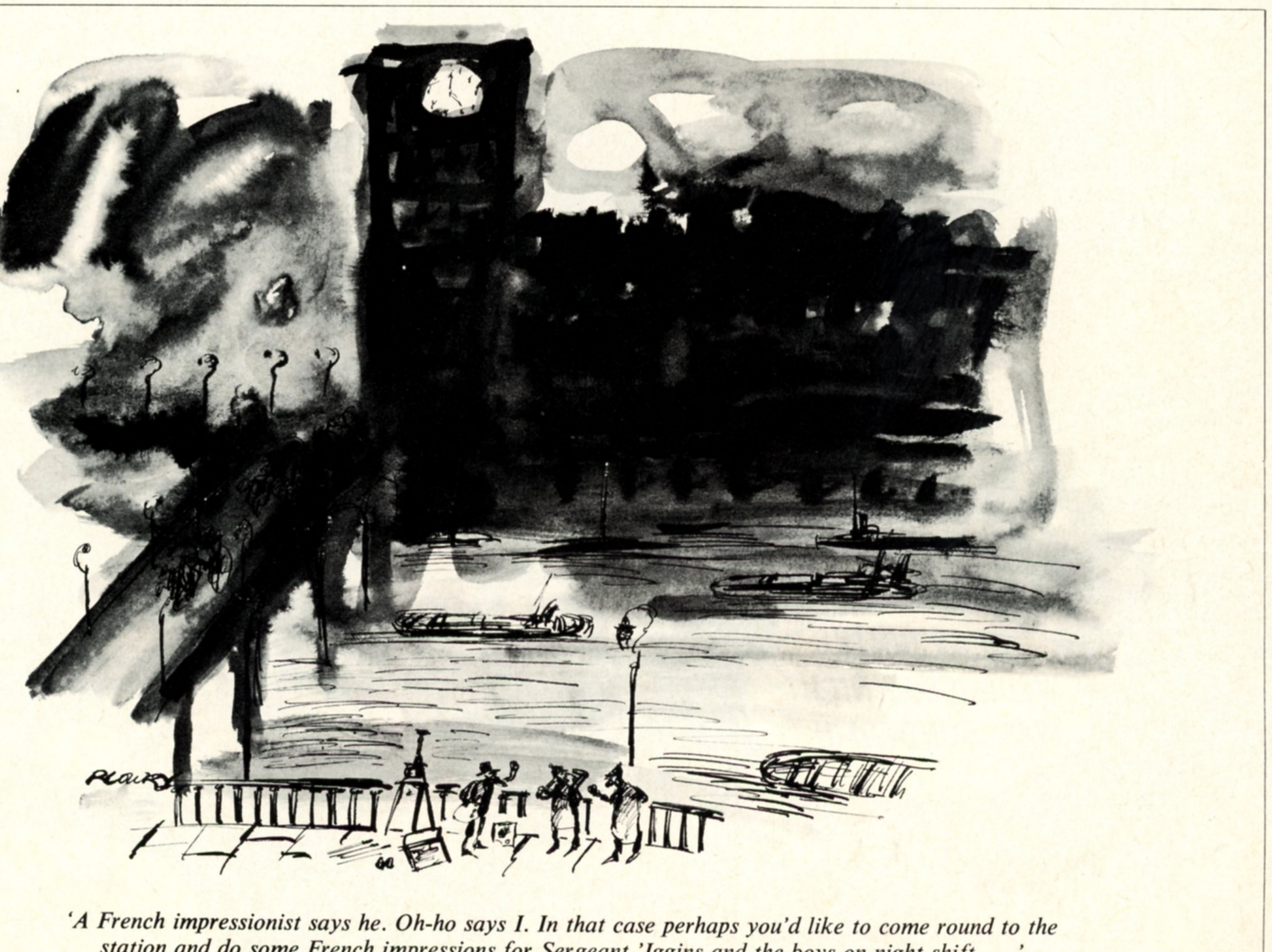
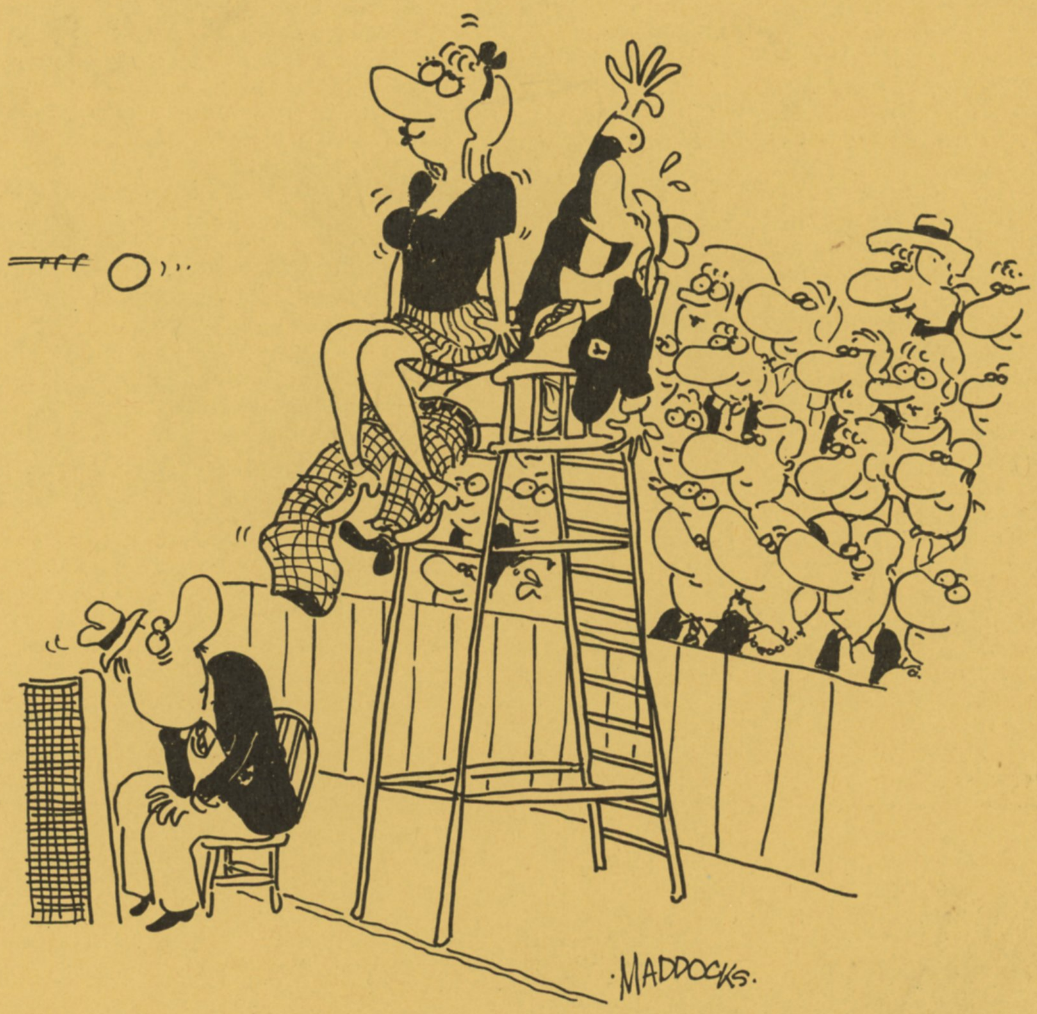


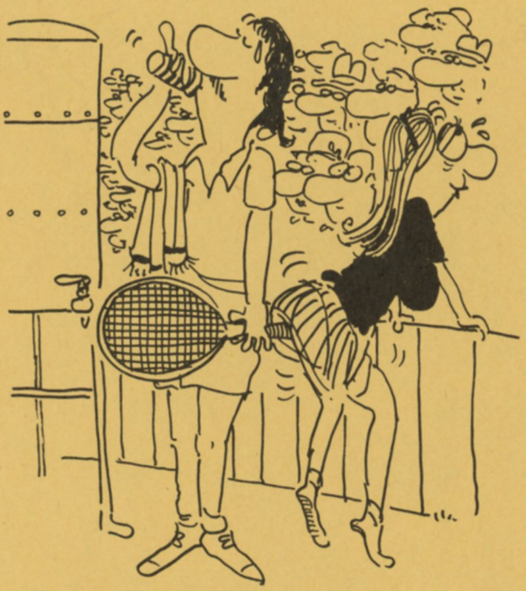
'A French impressionist says he. Oh-ho says I. In that case perhaps you'd like to come round to the station and do some French impressions for Sergeant 'Iggins and the boys on night shift . . .'

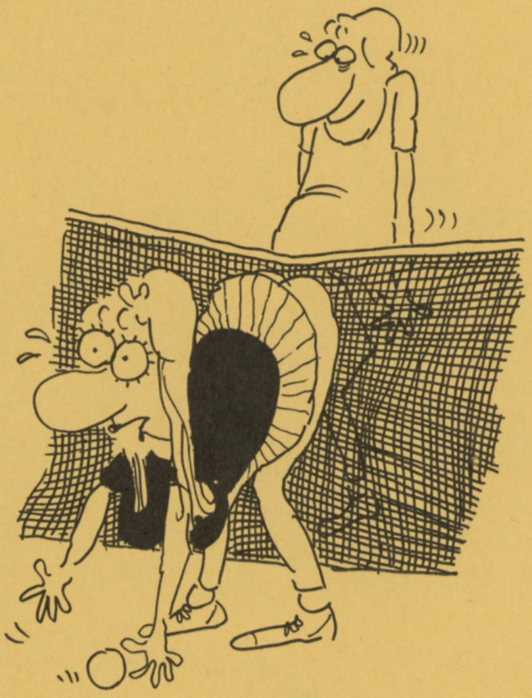


'Love—everybody.'

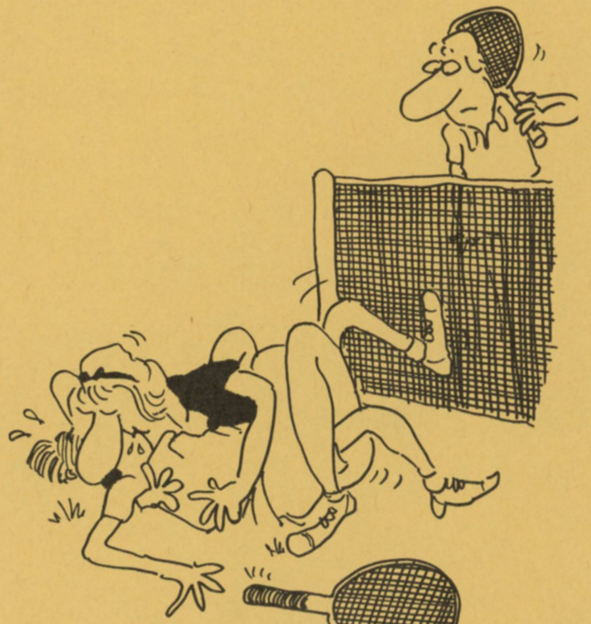
LOVE GAMES:

Peter Maddocks has a few bawdy suggestions on what is *un*likely to happen when Wimbledon's first ball girls take to the court this summer

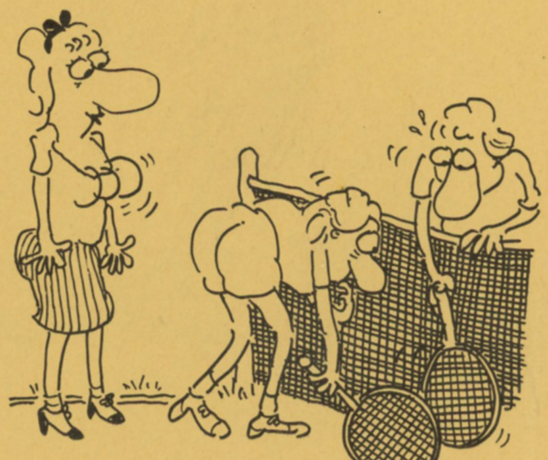


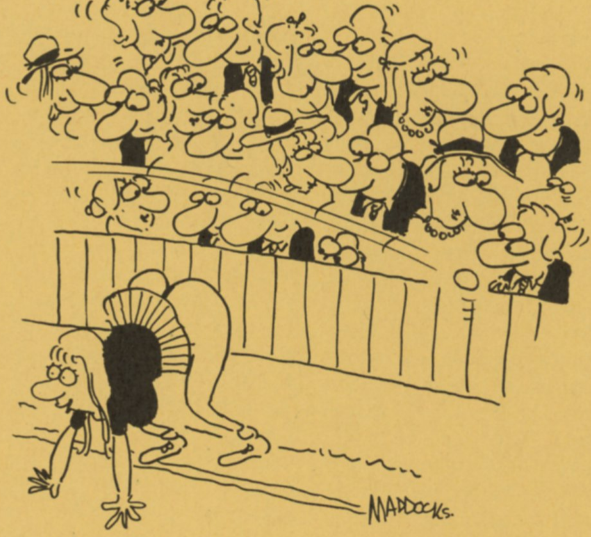


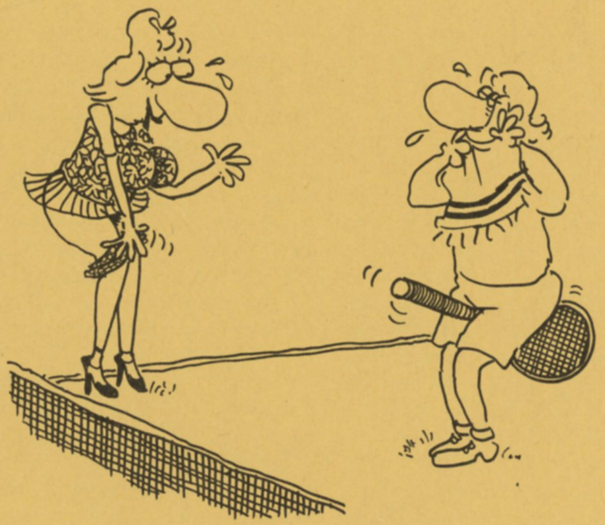
'Net call.'

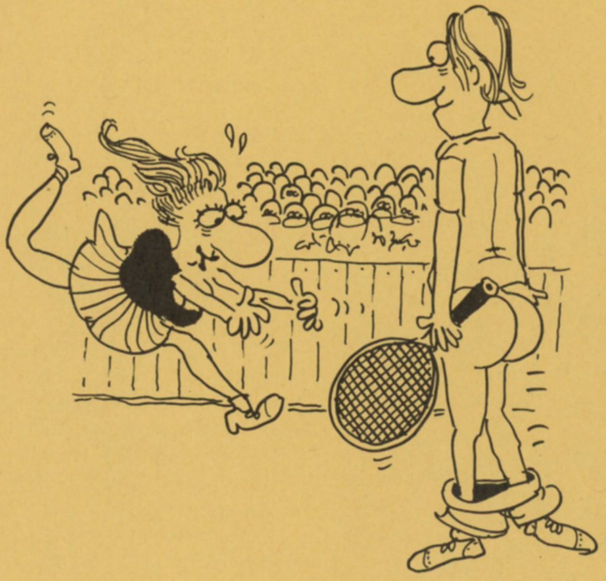


'Fault.'

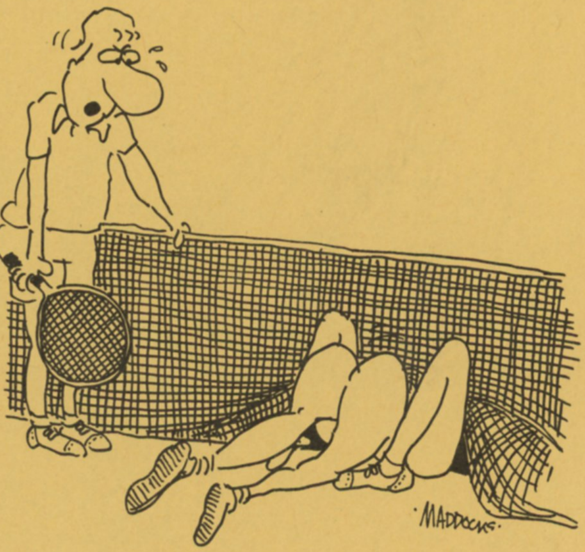








'New balls!'



'Just what kind of a ball game is this, anyway?'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Two pink, wiggling globes: that was all the detectives could see. Lucky detectives! Soon enough they'd be walking round them, stroking them, admiring the thighs that fronted them, gazing at the fuzzy fringe of fair hair that separated them both fore and aft.

For the time being, though, they watched them as the girl to whom the buttocks belonged lay face down over a barrel, head and shoulders out of sight and nothing but those full bare cheeks of her bare rump at the stake, awaiting the inquisitive strokes of an ash-plant cane.

As the detectives gazed on, the female instrument of their probing curiosity, the large and muscular lady who was to do their probing for them, gently urged them away, then carefully measured her ash-plant across the plump globes so reluctantly presented by the girl herself . . .

The Starsky and Hutch duo of this month's tale are actually a right pair of Victorian rozzers straight out of the era of gaslight and unlace and they feature in Francis Selwyn's **Sergeant Verity Presents His Compliments** (Deutsch, £3.95)—a tale of sexual blackmail, what else?

Girls as hard as they come make men as hard as they come disgorge money as fast as they come to crooks as hard as they come. The fancy dress and historical way of speaking shouldn't fool you. For example, when Sergeant Verity insinuates himself into the head gangster's Turkish Baths business, slapping quite mother-naked along tiled passages in order to try and learn what's been going on (seems a lot of high-toned gents have been topping themselves, and it's not the sort of thing you do for practice) he encounters Simona and Stefania in an off-duty moment.

'Simona, petite but well-rounded, her olive skin and tawny fair hair giving her the look of a Neapolitan street urchin, was the leader in the present game. Down the curve of Stefania's naked back were several artificial blue flowers, with several more tucked between her thighs so that the heads showed. Simona was obliged to take each one in her mouth and remove it, her lips brushing the sensitive flesh.'

And in this world it doesn't take a chambermaid long to wiggle her way from downstairs upstairs, straight to the heart of a Victorian general's matter.

At first the peer was angry when his valet failed to respond to his usual call, but when he discovered making up his bed in the valet's place a snub-nosed, impudent, narrow-eyed, slack-grinned girl, he spoke with all the decisiveness of a successful military man.

' "Take off those damned weeds," said Lord William imperiously, and he went to lock the door through which the absent valet might otherwise come. When returned, Elaine had cast off the long skirts and petticoats of her servant's livery. She stood revealingly in a white blouse and a grey pleated petticoat, obviously part of her professional wardrobe, so short that it reached no lower than the tops of her thighs.

' "I'm not la-di-da about it," she said, as though the words were a challenge. Lord William surveyed the broad hips, the sturdy legs and thighs of the young tomboy. Then he sat on the edge of the bed and pulled her towards him, running his hand up and down her bare legs as she stood there. Under the skirt, she was wearing tight pants in white cotton. Lord William began where the waist of the material touched the base of her spine and let his fingers travel over her body, through the warm cotton, running down between the cheeks of Elaine's bottom, between her thighs, finding the sensitive lap of flesh and working it skilfully with his fingers. The girl squirmed her bare legs restlessly, and presently pulled away from him.

'But Lord William's protests were cut short as he saw that she was freeing the little skirt so that it dropped to her ankles and she stepped out of it. Elaine slipped a pair of fingers where his own had been as though out of curiosity, and watched him with amusement. She pulled the front of the pants down and showed a little cleft of fair hair. Lord William's colour deepened and his eyes widened. She turned and pulled the knickers down a little way again . . .

'Naked but for her blouse, the girl returned to him, kneeling so that her soft young breasts brushed his knees. She busied herself with him for a moment, then lowered her face. Lord William's features were drawn as though by some inner spasm. He tried to free himself from her but she held on with such determination that he could hardly move her head from his lap. He quivered suddenly. "Curse it," he said softly, "you've spoilt the game." Elaine looked up at him and grinned. "Never," she said, and went back to her previous occupation. Lord William was bowled over by the youngster's determination. When his vigour was restored, and he drew her onto the bed, she climbed upon him. Then she paused. "You got three looking-glasses. It's best to turn 'em so you can see me."

'With this done, she resumed her position, drew her hair into a tail and fastened it with a silk band, and then began to exercise upon her lover. During the episode she kissed Lord William as though she intended to smother him, her agile little tongue moving determinedly in his mouth. Lord William, in turn, was moved to a degree of frenzy he had not known for years. In the urgency of desire, his teeth found her throat and shoulders leaving cherry-red blotches. His hands raked her back, as many a woman's had scored his own, and incredibly as it seemed to him, Elaine's cries were entirely of pleasure, as though welcoming even the violence of his lust.'

Richard Caton Woodville's graphic illustration 'All That Was Left of Them', a photomechanical halftone engraving of an incident in the Boer War – from the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News *– is one of over 120 impressions contained in 'The War Illustrators,' compiled by Pat Hodgson (Osprey, £5.95).*

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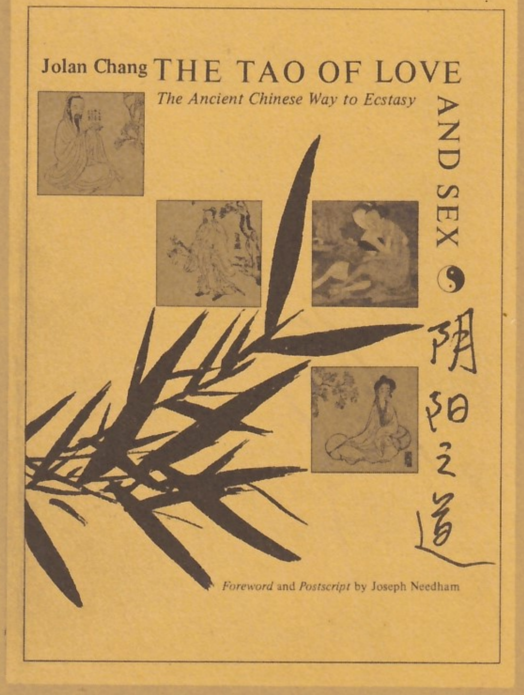
Jolan Chang THE TAO OF LOVE AND SEX
The Ancient Chinese Way to Ecstasy
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Foreword and Postscript by Joseph Needham

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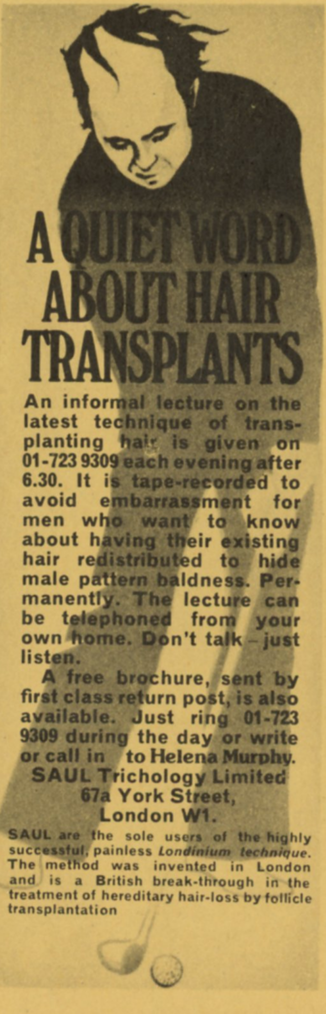

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

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****♡ **The Sentinel** (X), 1 hr 32 mins. The gateway to Hell, as I have long suspected, is in Brooklyn, New York; in fact, in a rambling *Rosemary's Baby*-type apartment block overlooking the Manhattan skyline. But fear not, the hounds of hell have been kept at bay over long centuries by a human sentinel – a holy person appointed divinely at intervals. Or at least so the makers of this film have decided after reading a passage from Milton's *Paradise Lost* – the latest crib for demonic disaster since *The Omen* last year predicted Armageddon in 1976 from a passage in *Revelations.* If the current deluge of demon movies hasn't exorcised your interest in such things, *Sentinel* is well worth a visit. A superbly engineered mystery-horror film, it only lacks credibility when the special effects department insist on showing rather than suggesting the demonic host. Lean, leggy Cristina Raines heads a strong cast as a New York model plagued by noisome and highly unusual neighbours; one of whom – a silent, leotarded young blonde – reacts to her beauty by promptly masturbating on their first meeting, which causes our heroine much embarrassment.

*♡♡♡ **Hard Core** (X), 1 hr 28 mins. In fact a soft core 'autobiography' of sex celebrity Miss Fiona Richmond who is to be admired for having acquired a sex goddess title by graphic descriptions of her private life. A better script than most soft core epics and with nice cameo performances from actors like Ronald Fraser, Victor Spinetti and Graham Stark, but Miss Richmond's excruciating self-consciousness before the camera tends to render every line she speaks laughable. Clearly she feels more at home in the nude, which she is, often enough to satisfy the most inquisitive.

*♡♡♡ **Throw Away Your Books, Let's Go Into The Streets** (no certificate) 1 hr 59 mins. This prize-winning effort of a leading Japanese avant-garde director tells of a Tokyo family, comprising an ex-war criminal father who touches up young ladies in the street, a daughter who has a sexual relationship with her pet rabbit until gang-banged by a local soccer team, a shoplifting grandmother and a youthful hero who has enormous trouble in disposing of his virginity. There are also some impressive views of a Korean hang glider in flight. Somewhere under the distracting effects and the apparently deliberate attempts to bore, a worthwhile story lurks. Recommended for the monsoon season only.

***♡ **Rocky** (A), 1 hr 59 mins. Baby-faced Sylvester Stallone, who also wrote the script, as an Italian-American just-about-to-be has-been boxer who, by a fluke, is granted a crack at the world heavyweight championship. Don't be put off by the boxing theme; this is pure wish fulfilment – convincingly rooted in reality – which will have you cheering with the rest of the audience.

♡♡ **Stand Up Virgin Soldiers (AA), 1 hr 31 mins. Virtually a re-make of the earlier *Virgin Soldiers* with Robin (*Confessions of*) Asquith as a rather muted Pte. Brigg on extended National Service in Singapore. For nostalgia freaks only.

♡♡ **Adventures of a Private Eye (X), 1 hr 36 mins. Another *Confessions*-type epic in thin disguise. Christopher Neil looks pained as an amateur detective. Otherwise memorable for a bare-bosomed Angela Scoular and breathy Hilary Pritchard in whip-wielding black leather.

*♡♡ **Je T'Aime, Moi Non Plus** (X), 1 hr 28 mins. Jane Birkin, a downtrodden flat-chested waitress, falls for gay garbage collector Joe Dallesandro who can only make love to her up the wrong hole, as the joke says. The result is very painful for all concerned.

***♡♡ **Jabberwocky** (A), 1 hr 35 mins. A bone-sucking monster besieges a medieval castle, directed by *Monty Python* animator, Terry Gilliam. Lots of authentic squalor, gore and comedy and a superb monster.

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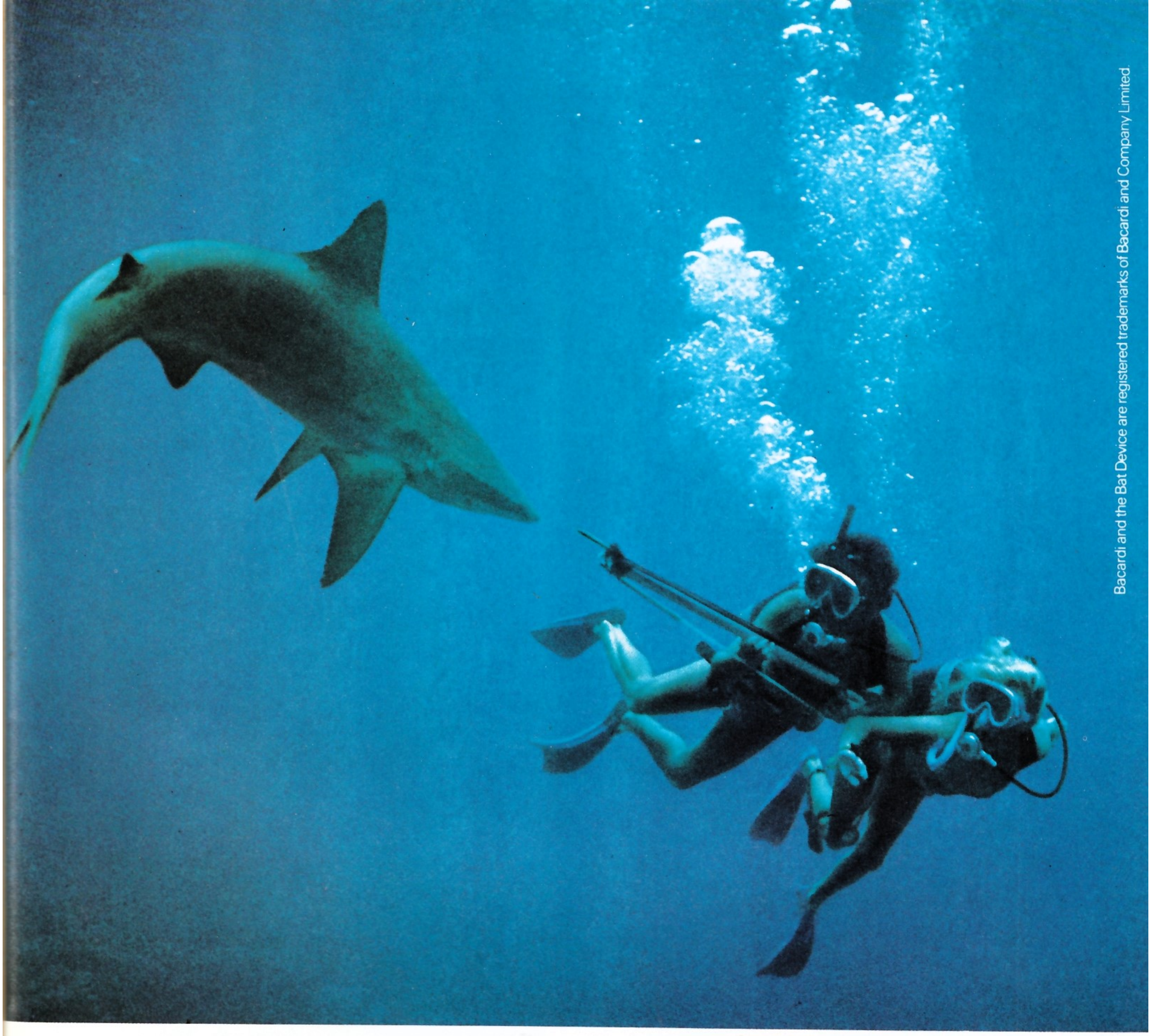
DISCS

Peter Hopkin

I'm always a shade wary about reviewing debut albums from new rock bands as invariably they're a compilation of the group's best material honed and polished by (often) years on the road. Second albums more often than not give a truer picture of a band's real worth. Having said this though, I must admit myself taken by Oscar, whose first album **Twilight Asylum** (DJF 20494) steers refreshingly clear of paths others have trodden before. Each of the nine tracks is written by lead singer Brian McGladdery and the thoughtful lyrics and well-constructed backings augur well for things to come. The only thing I dislike is the album's quite revolting sleeve which gives me a headache each time I look at it. A surgeon's scalpel dripping blood and what appears to be an eyeball can't exactly be described as tasteful. By contrast, the sleeve on the latest offering from Captain and Tennille, **Come In From The Rain** (AMLH 64700), is an epic of cosy good taste and an accurate reflection of the album's eleven tracks. As befits one who used to tinkle the ivories for the Beach Boys, the Captain's arrangements are near-faultless with some particularly neat brass riffs, though I suppose that this isn't all that remarkable considering that the duo record for a label part-owned by Herb Alpert. The choice of songs, from such diverse sources as Neil Sedaka, Stevie Wonder, Bruce Johnston and Melissa Manchester, is just right for Toni Tennille's lush, soaring voice and I particularly liked *Sad Eyes* and *Easy Evil;* the former an easy-going, rolling, tumbling giant of a song, the latter a sinewy, deliberately low-key effort best described as 'music to seduce by'. The duo are deservedly popular in the States—they have their own TV series—but comparatively unknown over here. This album should however rectify that. It was extremely gratifying earlier in the year to see Elkie Brooks have a long overdue hit on her hands with *Pearl's A Singer*. Elkie's perhaps a natural successor to the late Janis Joplin in the raunchy blues female vocalist field, but one young lady who could push her hard is Jenny Darren whose album **City Lights** (DJF 20497), though in many places raw to the point of raucous, nevertheless displays a real sense of drive, urgency and above all power. This quality is especially evident on Jenny's version of Paul McCartney's *Maybe I'm Amazed*. When Jenny and her band get to know each other a shade more intimately—musically speaking of course—they could develop into a very potent unit.

The remake earlier in the year of the film *A Star Is Born* starring Barbra Streisand and Kris Kristofferson in the original Judy Garland and James Mason roles wasn't exactly rapturously received by the critics, though most were unanimous in their praise of the film's excellent score. Miss Streisand deservedly picked up an Oscar as co-author, (with Paul Williams), of the film's haunting theme *Evergreen* and this song, along with ten others, is on the sound-track **A Star is Born** (CBS 86021). The diminutive Mr Williams is responsible for the bulk of the tracks, but rather surprisingly perhaps, such hardened rockers as Leon Russell and Kenny Loggins have also contributed. Regarding Miss Streisand's vocal talents there can be no real argument and as for Mr Kristofferson's gravel-throated offerings, well, they're not personally for me though I rather fancy I'm in a minority in holding this opinion. Gravel-throated is one adjective that cannot possibly apply to the luscious Linda Lewis whose new album **Woman Overboard** (Sparty 1003) shows her to be emerging as an artiste of considerable talent. It took me a while to tear my eyes off the sleeve which has Ms Lewis knee-deep in the briny in a wet and very see-through dress, but when I finally applied stylus to record, I wasn't disappointed. The eleven tracks are, with just a couple of exceptions, expertly conceived and performed, as indeed they should be with no fewer than four producers including the ubiquitous Cat Stevens. Aided by soft lights, this album should be just right for getting your girlfriend in the mood.



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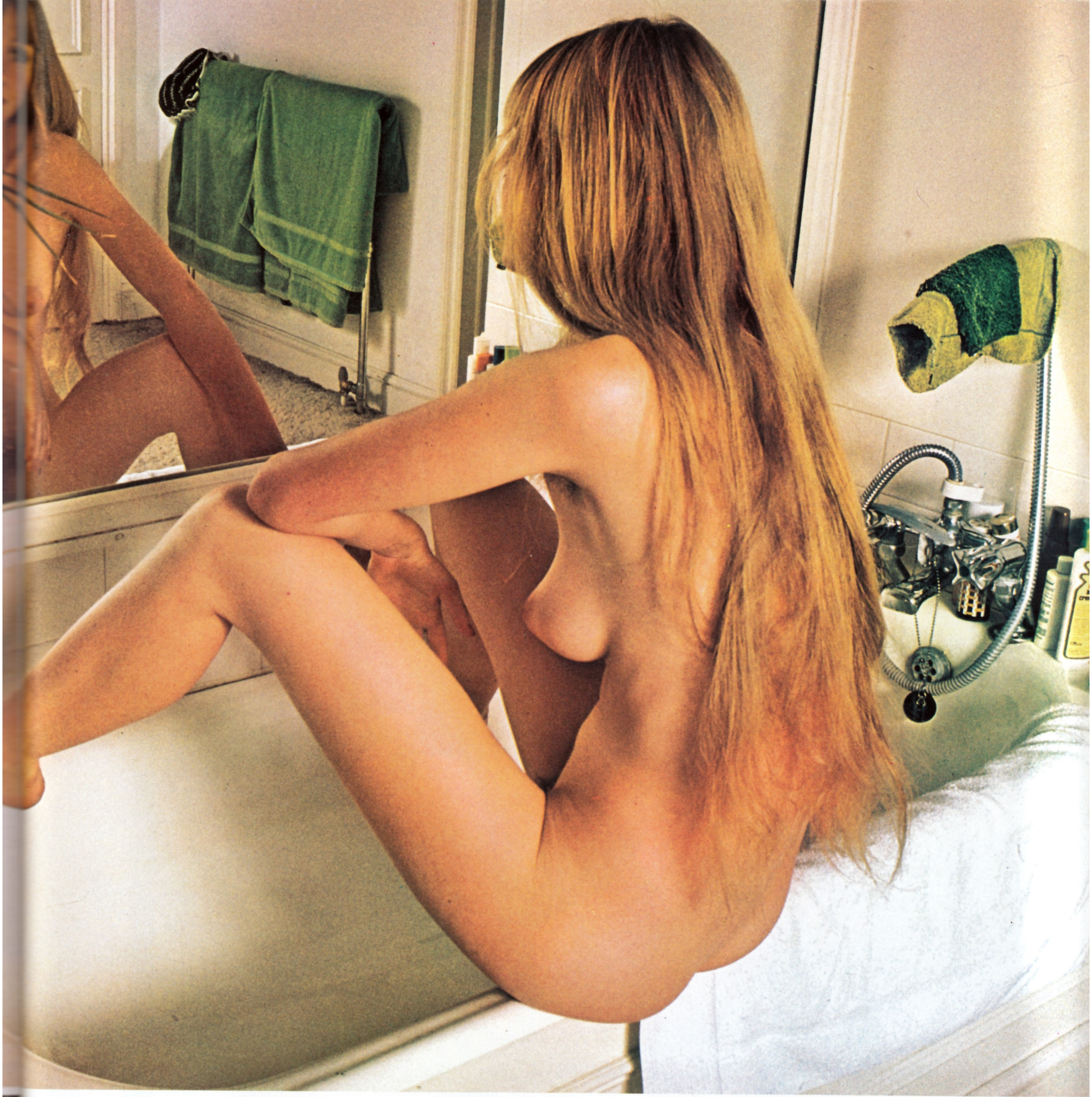
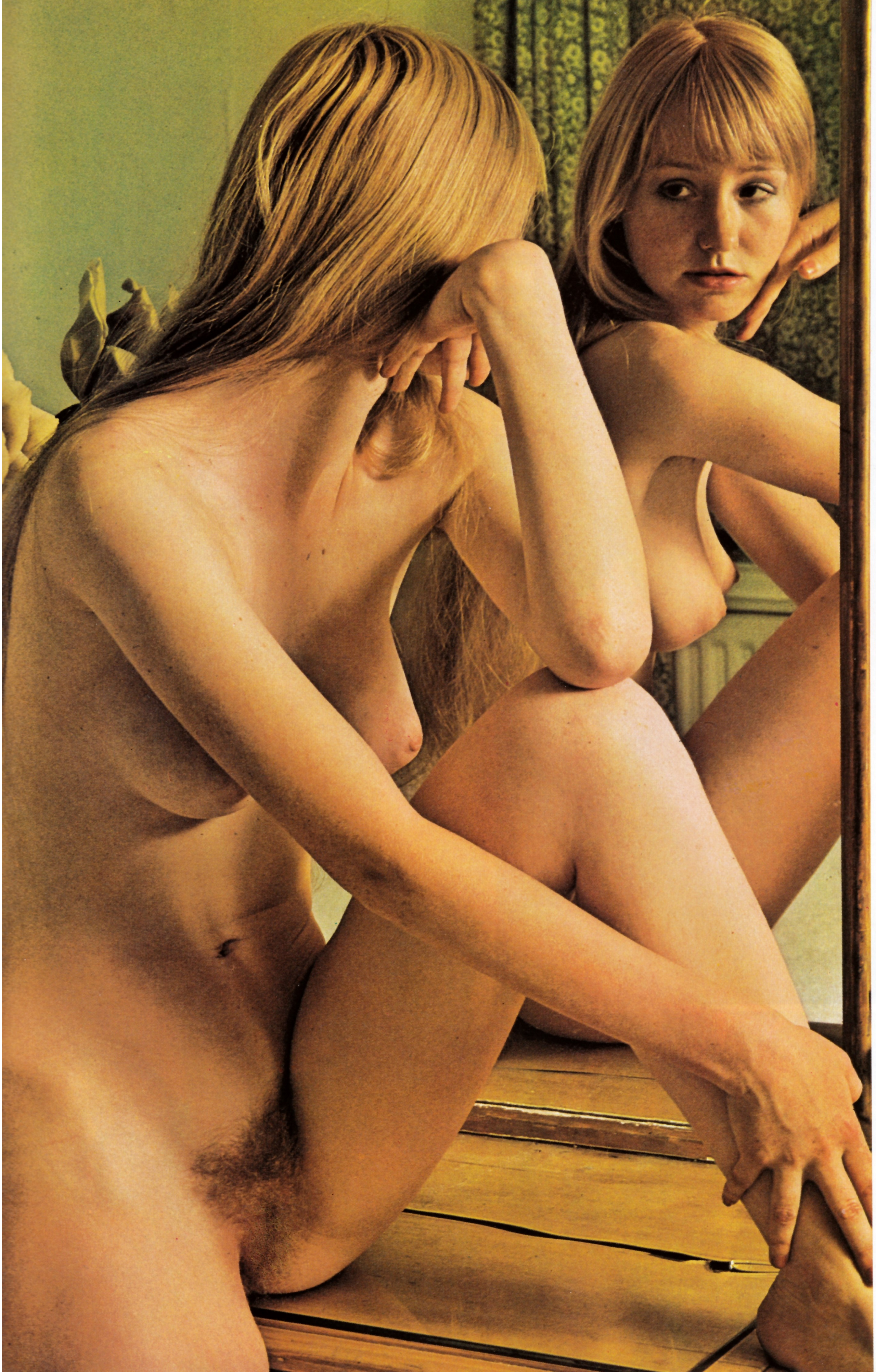


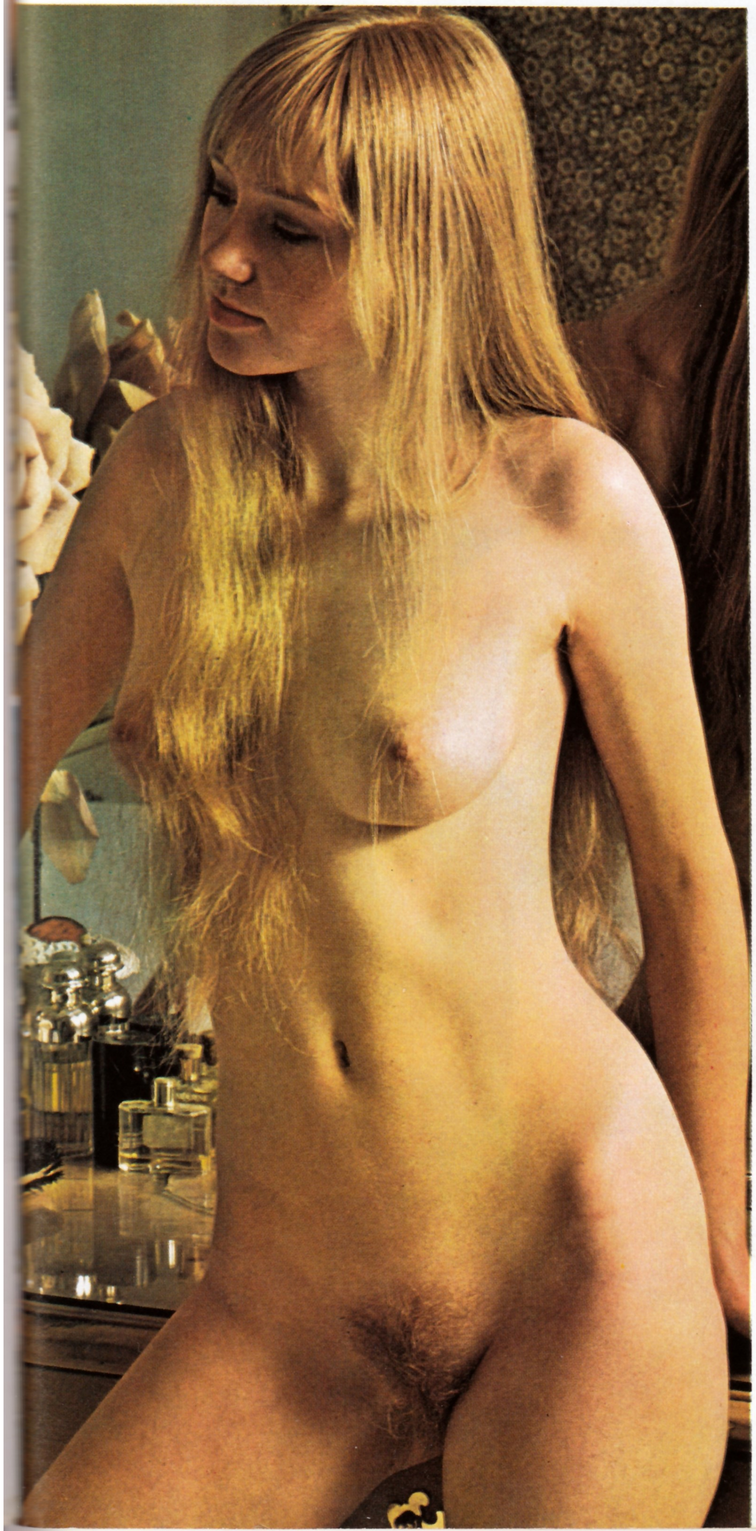
Amanda

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

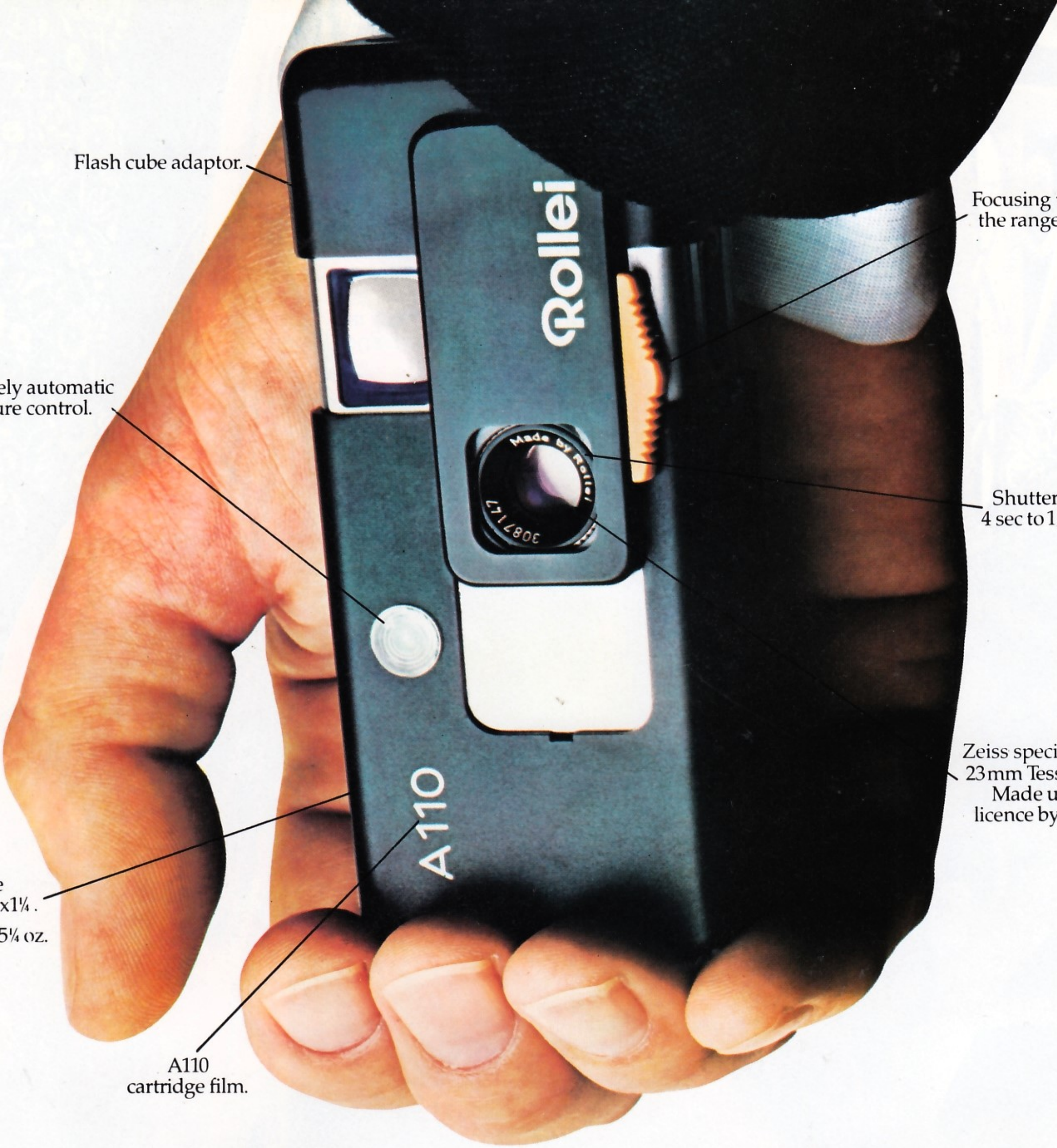
For most of us those acne-ridden years of early adolescence are best forgotten – the blissfulness of awakening sexuality only matched by the problems of actually doing anything about it. Which makes it all the more galling to meet a girl like 19-year-old Amanda Fernham. Amanda from Saffron Walden in Essex, actually *prefers* blushing 15-year-olds. 'I love those black blazers and charcoal grey trousers,' she admits. 'School uniforms are quite a fetish with me. And boys that age are so innocent; you can tell they really mean it when they say they like you.' Not an



opinion reserved to our younger brethren, one would have thought, on looking at 5 feet 11 inch Amanda's 35–24–35 inches, but her liking for the younger man isn't entirely without discrimination. 'A friend and I worked out that about 12 per cent of 15-year-olds are OK. We ruled out the very young and the very spotty ones; but the rest are fine. They don't have the charm and sophistication of an older man.' Amanda's own sophisticated approach to statistics arises from her scientific background. Recently she acquired three 'A' Levels in mathematics, physics and chemistry and plans to take her studies in chemistry further, but not for a year. 'I'm going to have a bit of freedom from school,' she explains. 'I've got to the point where I feel guilty if I'm not reading a school book. I must do something



about that.' A forthright Capricornian, she has decided views on the role of the sexes. 'It annoys me enormously when everyone calls a boy who sleeps around a bit of a lad but a girl who does the same is something awful,' she declares. 'Apparently according to a survey I read about recently half the men they asked wanted to marry a virgin. I think that's terribly unfair.' She thinks, she believes, 'more like a boy than a girl,' though girls themselves hold no attraction. 'The only advantage I seem to have,' she says, 'is that I can make money by taking my clothes off.' Her future plans? 'My ideal job is matron in a boys' boarding school. Grave temptation,' she grins. 'But worth it.'



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Love in the Blitz

continued from page 18

they were paddling away water. Then his fingers clawed at mine, grabbing hold of them as if he was struggling from some filthy front-line trench.

As he wriggled and squirmed on the bed, I thought he'd use a sheath, but so far I hadn't seen him put it on. For my own part I took Guanamen and it didn't take long. Sensibly I had learnt how to look after myself and now I classed myself as an expert. Then, just before he jolted his rigid spoon handle into my cavity, he whispered in my ear.

'Do you want me to use something?' I felt him reaching out of the bed for his trousers which he had thoughtfully hung within reach.

'Don't worry,' I said. 'I always take care of myself.'

That statement in itself was like the order to fire and in true army fashion his great cannon surged into me. Smartly I raised my knees to the sky to accommodate him and when he had filled me completely, our bodies started jolting up and down. His hands continued to massage my breasts and slowly, like the dawn of a spring day, he came deep into my body and then slumped on one side as though wounded by my sexuality.

There were no raids that night; only the one on me. We made love again in the early hours and, when he left, he promised he'd be back. I didn't count on it, you didn't in those days and by sticking to that philosophy I was never disappointed.

My lifestyle became worse as the days passed. Each day brought further bombings and, though I had no children, the opportunity to be evacuated came my way. I brushed it aside, thinking that much as I would have loved to experience those horny Yorkshire lads, my place and my heart was in Croydon.

At the end of that first week, my Canadian proved that he was true to his word – twelve pairs of stockings arrived. I didn't keep them all but bartered three pairs for extra Green Label tea and some black market sugar that happened to come my way.

Living on my own and in case I needed to be pulled out of the wreckage of my home one night, I struck up a friendship with the Home Guard lads in the area. Many was the time they would stop off at my place as they toured the streets to see that the black-out was being strictly adhered to. Gilbert was the first Home Guard to taste the luxuries that I could offer. I had fixed my black-out blinds and drawn the curtains at about six-thirty that evening as there were signs that we would be the target for a raid. Feeling lazy I hadn't shopped that day, instead sat listening to the radio. On one station the now well-known voice of Lord Haw-Haw was enunciating on the state of the British in the desert and after a few moments I felt the need to be cheered up so I turned over and listened to Gracie Fields singing to the troops. Deciding to sleep in the Morrison that night, I made up my bed and lit a couple of candles. My own company never worried me and I was looking forward to a night on my own. But then the doorbell rang so I wandered up the hall and shouted out to see who it was. Gilbert was standing there in his tin hat, black overcoat, his gas mask and bag.

'Any chance of a cup of something hot, Dolly?' he called. I pulled my nose away from the glass and quickly opened the door.

'Are we in for a bad night then, Gilbert?' I asked as he put his arm around me.

'Don't worry, gel. Have a swig of this. I'm not on duty tonight but I was just taking a wander around.'

He undid his bag and there, safely tucked away, was half a bottle of Scotch. He gave me a swig as we walked up the passage towards the kitchen.

Gilbert worked in an ammunitions factory during the day and was on the Home Guard duty most nights. He was a single man of thirty-five who, because of a slightly crippled leg, hadn't been able to join up. He wore this moral scar on his face.

Can you imagine having sex in a cage? If you can, you can picture what it was like making love in a Morrison with the drone of aircraft overhead, the ack-ack guns popping away and the dull thud of bombs as they dropped. Like all good things in the war, it happened spontaneously.

I was in my dressing gown and nightdress; he was cold and alone. I clutched him to me as the first bombs started to drop over towards the airport at Croydon and we heard the siren sound. He knew he should go, even though he wasn't on duty, but I told him to wait for the All Clear when he'd be needed more. As I spoke, I unbuttoned his heavy, black coat and slipped my arms around his waist, pulling him towards me and kissing away the worry that burned in his eyes and made his hands tremble.

Gilbert had been in the Home Guard since it was formed and he always patrolled my area. In some respects, I was deeply sorry for him; he was very conscious of his disability and because of this I felt he needed mothering. While I had never set eyes on his crippled leg, I sensed that it disturbed him more than he cared to say. Even though I told him it didn't matter, he still didn't believe me and when my hands roamed into his trousers and felt his miniature manhood, I realised that he had a complex about that, too. I groped him with both hands like a child clutching its prayer book. He shuddered.

'Don't do that to me, Dolly,' he whispered, taking off his tin helmet.

A bomb exploded quite near and the house shook. Without saying anything, I slid into the shelter, taking off my dressing gown and opening the front of my nightie as I went. I stared at Gilbert through the wire, and in a moment he eased off his trousers and followed me. He left his shirt and underpants on and, when he had crawled in beside me, I held him in my arms like a mother comforting a child.

We could hear the sounds of the raid and probably like us everyone had taken shelter and was holding their breath in the hope that by not moving the next bomb or shred of shrapnel wouldn't bear their name. At times like these the whole sky would be lit up and, occasionally, when I had been caught outside, I'd watched, fascinated by the shadows and lights darting across the sky into the moonlight. Seeking comfort, my hands reached inside Gilbert's shirt. Instantly he moved on top of me and his fingers began to claw into my flesh. I knew then he had never had a woman before. His breath tasted of Players and whisky. His tongue jolted nervously into my mouth and examined and explored my teeth. Taking his head in my hands, I gently put my breast into his mouth. At first he just kissed it lightly but as my body started to

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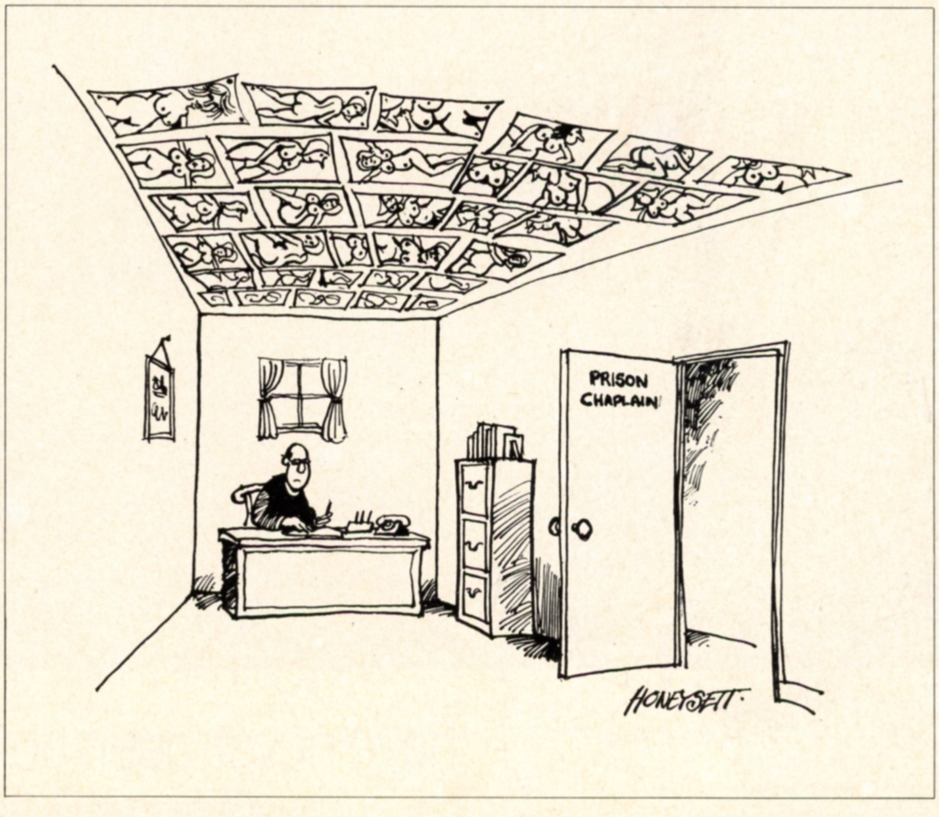


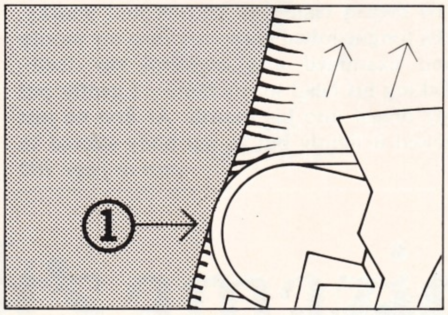
The first electric shave as close

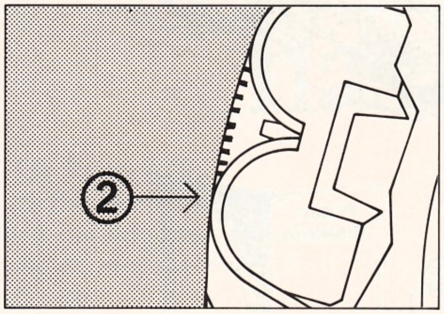
Remington present 'The Ultimate Shave.' The new Remington M3 triple action.

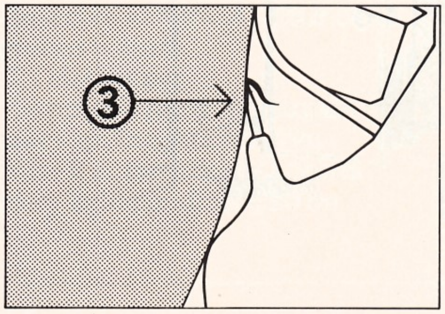
A fallen idol?

In closely supervised and independent research, 214 dedicated wet shavers compared the performance of the new M3 with their normal wet shave systems.*

The research company's conclusions were that the new M3 performs as well as, or better than, a wet shave system in terms of closeness, smoothness and overall comfort.*







The new M3 works on a principle similar to the latest wet shave systems.

1. As the first foil head cuts your bristles, it lifts them.

2. Before the bristles fully retract, the second foil head cuts them even closer.

3. Finally, the unique 'Intercept Cutter' removes any long stray whiskers that escape the foil heads.

(Something that electric shavers have never been able to do till now.)

*Source: Consumer Response Corporation. New York.

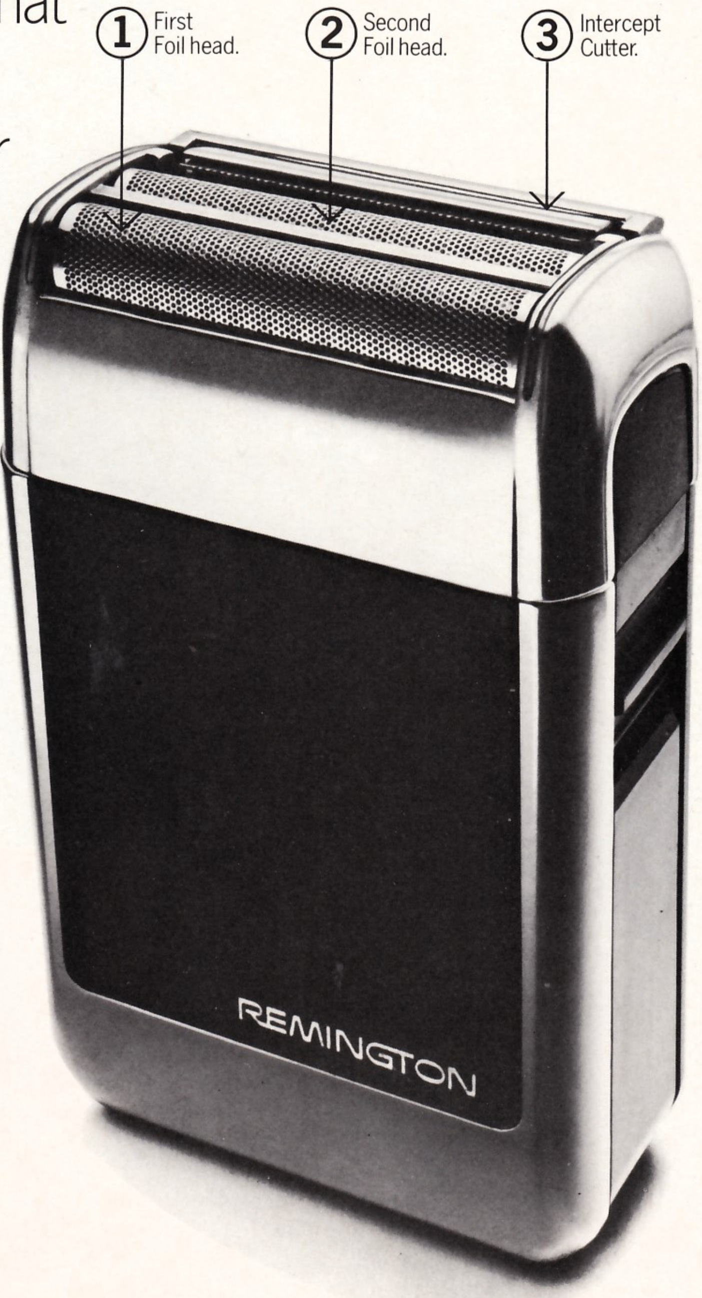
shaver that can
as a wet razor.

Take a close look at the Remington M3 at your nearest stockist and compare it to a single headed foil shaver.

Apart from the fact that there are two of them, you'll notice that the M3's foil heads are slimmer.

They're designed that way for two reasons.

First to get a closer contact with your beard, second to give you a really snag-free comfortable shave.



The new Remington M3 comes in three beautifully packaged models, the M3, the M3 De-Luxe and the M3 Rechargeable.

The Remington M3.
No water, no lather, no mess, just the ultimate shave.

The Remington M3
The Ultimate Shave

M3
SPERRY✦REMINGTON

ILLUSTRATION BY RAY WINDER

George Manolescu: the real Raffles

Model for the cricketing cracksman, suave handsome Manolescu stole fortunes in jewels from the rich bored women he seduced

By J P Gallagher

George Manolescu could charm a countess out of her virtue in an evening and swindle her husband out of his bankroll next morning. The Prince of Thieves, he left a 20-year trail of empty jewel cases and well-loved ladies across two continents around the end of the nineteenth century. Alias the Duke of Otranto, alias Prince Lahovary, he was the toast of high society in a dozen countries – the same people from whom he stole about *£10 million pounds* in present-day money.

During his career he seduced a legion of aristocrats' wives, charmed Queen Olga of Greece into being his personal chauffeuse, saved a kingdom from revolution by blackmailing a lovely blackmailer, stole the same necklace twice from the same grateful lady, burgled a Grand Duke's safe to save the romance of two young lovers, captured a cat-burglar, made him his valet, and taught him to steal more skilfully on his behalf!

Born in 1871, the son of a Rumanian cavalry officer, George Manolescu became an officer cadet in the Rumanian navy but ran away and ended up in Constantinople in 1887. Much of George's story – his

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Embassy Number 1 King Size

without coupons

20
KING SIZE
Embassy
Number 1
Embassy
Number 1

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53p*

Embassy Number 1 is a full king size cigarette. By leaving out the coupons we can give you the best in smoking quality and save you money too.

The best in King Size smoking

*Recommended price for 20. at 28 April 1977.

The tar yield of this brand is designed to be MIDDLE TAR Manufacturer's estimate, January 1977, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

George Manolescu

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was the origin of Raffles and Arséne Lupin – can be told in his own words, for he wrote in graphic detail about many of his bedroom adventures and, later, of his thievery when he discovered he was being credited with the 'inferior' robberies of lesser crooks.

The run-away George had arrived penniless in Constantinople and for some days went the rounds of convents, begging for food. Then luck took a hand when a little dog ran out of a luxury hotel. George saved it from being run over, and put the animal back in the arms of Valeria, Countess de Boulogne, wife of a French diplomat accredited to the Sublime Porte. Madame gave him lunch, was attracted by the handsome 16-year-old, and offered him a job as her page.

Her house in fashionable Galata was full of valuables and a sore temptation to a born thief, but George respectfully worshipped Valeria. One day her husband was called to Paris for consultation. The same day George slipped on the marble staircase and was sent to his room to rest an injured knee. That night – to his utter astonishment and confusion – Valeria came to his room and skilfully seduced him.

'For hours through that night madame masterfully and passionately taught me the science and joys of physical love,' he later wrote. 'That she was sex-starved I now realise. Towards dawn she left me.'

The affair lasted for months but broke up when George discovered that Valeria wanted to lend him to service her friend, an Italian countess. He stormed at Valeria, she threw him a gold Louis, and told him to pack and go.

On his way out George stole six gold boxes studded with diamonds which formed part of the diplomat's collection, sold them in the harbour area, and took ship for Athens.

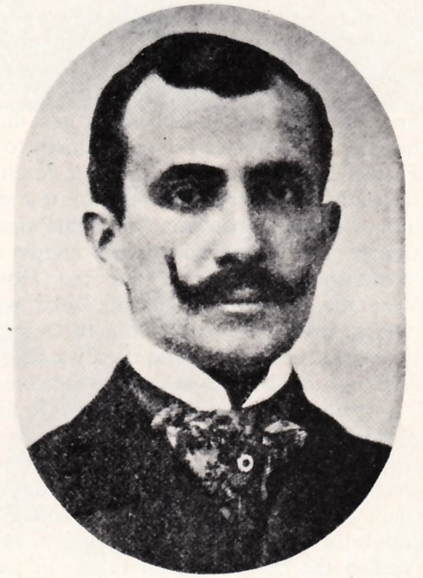
It was in Athens that he began his career or robbing de luxe hotels; it was here too that he landed in hospital for a short time. One day Queen Olga of Greece visited the hospital, was struck by the startling good looks of the pale young man, and within three weeks he was a visitor to the palace.

The Queen, for whom George wove a sad, sad tale of hardship, persuaded the Rumanian authorities to advance him the money for a passage home and during the days just before he was due to leave, personally drove him around Athens in the royal carriage, to see the sights.

George left Athens in style – in the royal carriage, with National Guards lining the route to the port of Piraeus. At the port George sold his ticket to Constanta for one to Marseilles.

He reached Paris in 1888 and started by raiding department stores, progressing to the most audacious full-scale robberies from the top jewellers, while changing his women almost every day.

With his money and magnificent appearance he secured the *éntree* to Parisian society and made his first real fortune robbing the guests at parties and dinners, generally just walking calmly into a house while the entertainment was in progress and raiding the rooms where the guests had left their coats.



George Manolescu at the age of 27, posing as Prince Lahovary at Lucerne in 1898: a role he used for many years.

'It is surprising,' he once recalled, 'what a load of jewels ladies carry. Often they cannot wear them all and I always found plenty left in the dressingrooms on the first floor.' At other times he would take only a few items 'to cover expenses,' and, having surveyed the house, return later to rob the safe. The charming and elegant young man – who also happened to be a magnificent stud – was never suspected.

At the *bal masque* at the Palais de Segan, the great event of the season of 1889, which George gate-crashed more for the available women than the jewellery, he accidentally brushed against a tall slim blonde disguised as a pageboy.

'*You* look very good to me,' she said with no preliminaries whatever. 'Let us see if you can dance.' They danced, George warmed to her and tried to remove her mask.

'Not so fast young man,' she said. 'Or are you afraid of buying a cat in the bag? But, if you must, you may kiss me.'

George merely bowed and stood back. She asked his name and was he a gentleman? He replied that his name was George, he *was* a gentleman, and he was a professional thief, adding: 'You need not be afraid. I have taken the night off. Now who are you, madame?'

Without a word she removed her mask. George did not recognise the notorious 'La Trevolle', the city's aristocratic nymphomaniac who designed specially tight-fitting uniforms for her footmen so that their attributes would always be on display. It was Helene, Duchesse de Trevolle who when asked at the age of 55 how she looked so youthful, replied: 'I hate going to bed without a man!'

Now George took her in his arms, kissed her and received back a kiss even more mature than that from the Countess in Constantinople.

'We have a public here, mon George,' she said, pulling away gently. 'And I do not like to get . . . er, tuned up, before curious eyes. Come and have a coffee and cognac at home.'

The Duchess left him in a beautifully-furnished sitting room of her house behind the Etoile, promising to return in a moment. She changed into a yellow silk kimono with a high neck and buttons down the front, revealing fleeting glimpses of astonishingly beautiful legs. After a night of energetic lovemaking, he became a regular visitor to the Palais Trevolle – on condition he stopped stealing. Helene gave him all the money he could wish and he became the publicly acknowledged lover of one of the richest women in France, certainly the most notorious of her day.

She took him everywhere, introduced him to everyone – something of priceless value to his 'career'. The inevitable break-up came when the Duchess accused him of making advances at a party to one of her best friends. They drove back to the Palais arguing fiercely and there, waiting for them, was one of the few men who had seen through George from the beginning, and loathed him, the young painter Toulouse-Lautrec. Helene de Trevolle had a great affection for the brilliant cripple, valued his wit and admired his art.

Toulouse-Lautrec was already slightly drunk when the Duchess and George walked into the drawing room but he sensed Helene's mood and said: 'I see you haven't thrown him out yet!'

George turned on his heel and left the Palais for ever.

He went straight back to thieving and card-sharping and moved from European city to city. His first jail sentence, brief, was for not paying hotel bills in Vienna; then he got two years in Paris. He went to Chicago in 1892, posed as the Duke of Otranto, robbing left and right at American parties to which the 'Dook' was enthusiastically invited.

It was on his way to San Francisco that he narrowly escaped imprisonment a third time. After he had lifted a pearl necklace from a young woman on his train the police became suspicious. George immediately got rid of the pearls for a low figure to a Chinese fence, then bribed a down-and-out Swede to admit that *he* had stolen the pearls and sold them to the Chinaman. The police arrested the Chinaman and recovered the pearls. A few days later George called on the owner at her hotel, took her back to his own suite, and stole the pearls once more as she slept off a hectic love session.

Now he skipped San Francisco for Hawaii, out-cheating a card-sharper he met on the boat. He bought more pearls in Hawaii and arrived back in Paris in 1894.

Now with something like £200,000 in his pocket, George began his major campaign of looting hotel guests across Europe which the press called 'a new kind of thieving by a robber without nerve.' In Vienna he met Prince Lahovary, got him dead drunk, and stole documents enabling him to pose as the Prince for years. In Baden Baden he stole £50,000 from an American – enough capital to maintain him where he really wanted to be, among the big gamblers of Nice.

It was there that Pellicio, a Corsican cat-burglar, entered George's room – where the bed was still warm from a countess from whom George had removed an emerald necklace before escorting her back to her room. George captured Pellicio at pistol-point, and promptly made him his personal valet, teaching him to steal more skilfully for both of them.

Perpetually on the move – to Bucharest, Budapest, Berlin, Baden Baden – but always returning to Paris, George was sitting on the terrace of the Café de La Paix one evening, when he was interrupted by a hand stretched across the small table. George did not even look up, it was one of the *clochards,* the ragged beggars who slept under the Seine bridges. He put a small coin in the man's hand, then noticed that although it was not clean it was long-fingered and expressive, with signs of careful grooming.

George followed the man to a square near the Madeleine and persuaded him with a piece of silver to talk about himself. Apparently Vladimir had been private secretary to a wealthy Russian Grand Duke and fell in love with his master's daughter, Feodora. Worse, Feodora fell in love with him.

The furious Grand Duke imprisoned the young man on his estate and sent his daughter to a Lausanne *pensionate de jeunes filles.* Vladimir escaped and made his way to Paris when he learned that the Grand Duke and Feodora were there. A huge reception was to be held the next day, he said, to announce her engagement to a French nobleman her father was forcing her to marry. George told Vladimir to meet him on the same bench in two nights' time.

George and Pellicio recruited a couple of 'professional' friends. From the Hotel Vendome, where the Grand Duke was staying more or less next door to George, he learned that a diamond tiara was being delivered to the hotel before the reception, a present from the Grand Duke to his daughter.

George discovered it was coming from Cartiers. As a gift for Feodora he bought a small brooch from Cartiers – stealing a couple of rings at the same time – and crashed the reception that night. In fact George had played cards with the Grand Duke in Cannes and for once had not cheated, so he was made welcome.

When the reception was at its height he made his way to the Grand Duke's sitting room and, hiding behind the heavy curtains settled down to wait. Long after midnight two huge Cossack bodyguards came into the room and started placing the presents, including the diamond tiara, in a wall safe. Then they stationed themselves on each side of the safe.

Just after five am there was a terrible commotion outside the room and a pounding on the door. The Cossacks ran to the door, opened it, and began to chase two men down the long hall.

Wall safes presented no problem for George. In seconds he had this one open and crammed as many of the gifts as he could into the special pockets of his frock coat, including the tiara. Within three minutes he was back in his hotel, shortly to be joined by Pellicio who had paid off the two confederates who had staged the highly successful diversion.

George now sent a letter to the Grand Duke, by Pellicio, coolly offering to return his valuables, except the tiara – 'which I consider my commission' – if the Duke would permit Feodora to marry Vladimir. He pointed out, with truth, that if the story got out, the Grand Duke would be the laughing stock of society. The Grand Duke had little option but to agree. George escorted Feodora to the bench in the square to meet Vladimir.

In the Hotel Frankfurter Hof a few weeks later George read in a Paris newspaper that Feodora was to marry her childhood sweetheart Vladimir. The Grand Duke had kept his word.

By 1897 George embarked on an orgy of roulette, at which he almost always lost, though he made money at cards. By summer 1898 he had lost almost £150,000 at the wheel and moved to Milan. Here he met Angelika, daughter of a noble but poor Saxonian family, and married her. He took her to live in one of Rome's most expensive hotels, meeting the costs by raiding other hotels.

A typical *one day's* haul from five rooms he found unlocked in the Hotel Continentale was: a package of American dollars worth about £1,500, a small diadem of diamonds and pearls worth £4,000, two sapphire and ruby bracelets, a single string of pearls, and a diamond and gold brooch.

'Bless the grand hotels,' George told his valet. 'They are the same all over the world. If you enter with a million francs in your pocket but a hole in your jacket they will probably kick you out. But, wear a smart suit, patent leather shoes, and an air of belonging and they won't ask whether you have a centîme to your name.'

The day after that robbery at the Continentale however George read that the brooch belonged to a blind girl who had come to Rome to see a famous surgeon. The brooch was her only reminder of her dead mother. George at once returned the brooch, via the porter at the Continentale.

Even with successful forays, Rome was expensive so George took his wife off to her family in remote Saxony and left her there while he went to France to get the cash to buy a house.

In Monte Carlo he met an old friend, Prince Dimitrov, ruler of what was then a small Balkan princedom it would still be wisest to call 'Valebianco.'

An inveterate gambler, 'Dimmi' had lost so much money on a spree in Rome that he had pawned his ring, a precious relic and the nearest thing to Valebianco's Crown

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'For God's sake, Yates. Grow up!'

CHARLOTTE

A little under 25 years ago, 19-year-old Charlotte Curtis-Webb would have been joining a long, shuffling line of jewel-bedecked, evening gowned, similarly privileged young ladies waiting to be presented to Britain's brand new monarch. It's a prospect – now lost for ever in this Jubilee year – that she views with regret and relief. 'I'm an unashamed royalist and I love any occasion with pomp and glitter – I'd sell my soul to attend a royal première,' she enthuses in an accent that would cut plate glass,

'but I couldn't abide the lack of freedom in those days.' The freedom to bare her 36–24–36 inches in a major men's magazine? She coughs politely. 'I don't think that would have gone down awfully well then.' Home for her, during most of the week, is a well-furnished flat in London's Pimlico, bussing distance from her secretarial job in a Belgravia estate agency. Weekends usually take her to the family home, rambling, cosy and vaguely Elizabethan in a quiet corner of Bucks. And boyfriends? 'My friends tell me I have a knack of finding the oddest men, which I deny. My last really serious boyfriend was an out-of-work actor I met in the *Zanzibar* club in Great Queen Street. The first thing he said was he couldn't possibly make love to someone who sounded like the Queen. He was too patriotic.' Republicans, advance.

OPELS: THE GEMS OF GENERAL MOTORS

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS
BY ANDREW MORLAND

MAYFAIR MAGAZINE
11
Castrol
GTX
GS/E
OPEL
MAYFAIR

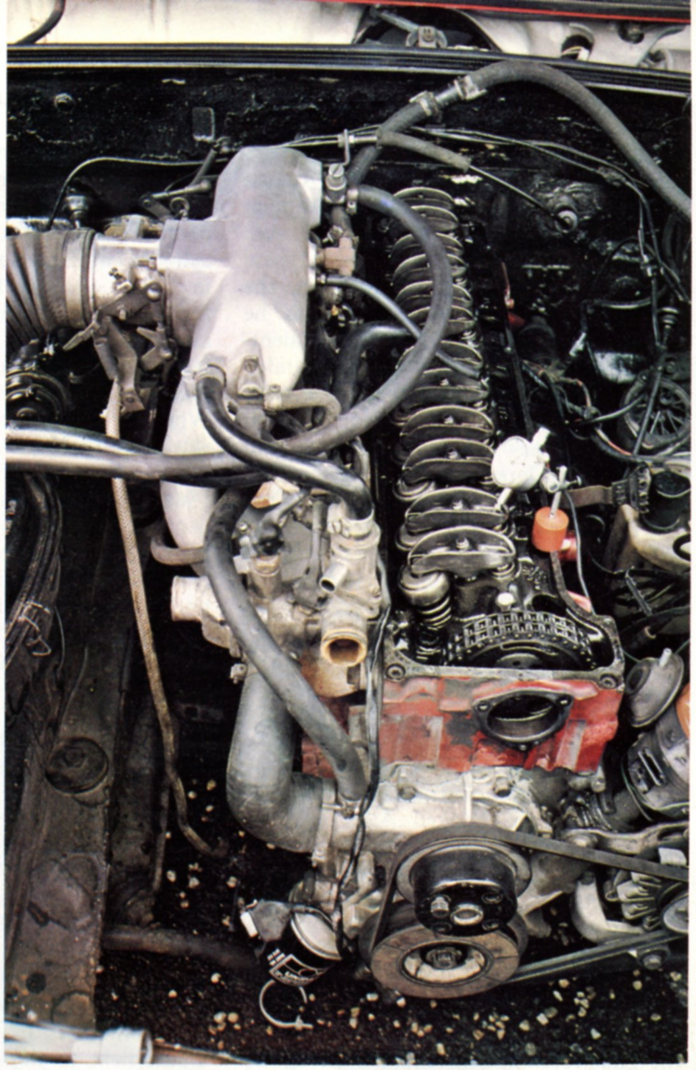
DUNLOP
DAILY MAIL
DRIVE KENNING
MAYFAIR
11
GTX

Despite a take over by General Motors, Opel maintain highest standards of speed, road-holding and economy with elegant design.

By William Boddy

Diamonds are a girl's best friend, opals less so. In the world of motoring, much the same once applied to Opels. But not any more! The modern Opels from Russelsheim have moved up the scale. Under the General Motors umbrella, they are motors that sparkle in a fashion you didn't find with Adam Opel's rather stodgy pre-war products. In those now far-away days Opel was little known outside Germany, and in this country scarcely at all, until a motorcycle dealer in Brixton began to import this make.

The old hands might have remembered that Opel dated back to 1898, when the five *frères*-Opel branched out from sewing machine and bicycle manufacture to construct Lutzmann-like automobiles. They might have recalled the heroic entry of advanced Opel racing cars in Edwardian competitions, culminating in those 4½-litre, single overhead-camshaft, 16-valve cars that, with the all-conquering Mercedes, represented Germany at Lyons, in the



8
MAYFAIR
MAYFAIR
BP
BP

CAR CENTRE
Racing with
MAYFAIR
11

Colour pictures show the race-winning Opel Commodore, Mayfair's *first motor racing sponsorship, driven last year by Tony Lanfranchi (far left) while this year's model is driven by Jock Robertson (monochrome).*

DON SPORTS
MAYFAIR
MAYFAIR
11

dramatic eve-of-war French Grand Prix. Only one of these Opels finished that race, in last-but-one place. But two of them stayed on in this country for the August Bank Holiday Brooklands racing, although their German drivers, wisely, had fled. After the war was over it was one of these now ageing Opels that was raced by the then-unknown de Hane Segrave, as he sought to be glimpsed by the talent-spotters—as he was, for Louis Coatalen soon took him into the Sunbeam GP team as a true professional. That's about all most Englishmen knew of the *marque* Opel until Pride and Clarke of Brixton proudly introduced the latest German import. That was in the mid-1930s. The cars offered may have been dull and pedestrian but Adam Opel motor vehicles had several claims to attention. From being the world's most prolific maker of push bicycles Opel had also, by 1928, emerged as Germany's largest manufacturer of motor cars. In another direction too, the name Opel had been in the news. Fritz von Opel had worked with specialists in producing rocket-propelled racing cars, one of which raced round the banked Avus track at 125mph.

To become a large-scale manufacturer you have to make motors for the masses. That is what Adam Opel set out to do. The Opel *Laubfrosch* of 1924 was a small two-seater runabout, based on the famous Citroën 5 CV, but with a larger engine. While the Citroën was usually painted like a lemon, the *Laubfrosch* was green, like a frog. By 1927 Opel had disposed of 39,000 of these. Although several Opel models were introduced to the British market just before the Second World War broke out, the best remembered of these is the Kadett. Generally, noses turned up. It was ugly, rumoured to be made of tin and compressed paper, and it *looked* cheap and nasty, even if there *was* a modicum of styling, the headlamps being in-built and the external door handles flush-fitting. If memory is not tricking me, the pre 1939 Kadett sold as a roomy saloon for £135. Opel gave the Kadett a reasonable length wheelbase, so that it wasn't necessary to sit with knees in navels, as did the occupants of British baby cars. There was Dubonnet independent front suspension, at a time when only the Standard Eight among British little cars was toying with anything other then beam axles at both ends. And this bourgeois Kadett, I recollect, got along comparatively quickly, cruising at around 60 mph. My friend the late John Eason-Gibson, a Scot with a sense of humour and a liking for milk, women, and fast cars, and who was later secretary of the British Racing Drivers Club, ran a Kadett—we travelled in it to Donington to see Auto-Union and Mercedes dominate the 1937 Grand Prix, which, when you reflect, was quite appropriate.

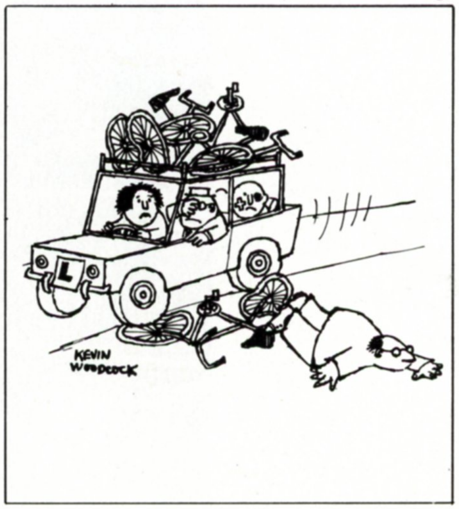
General Motors had taken over Opel in 1929 and, as with most German automobile makers who are properly encouraged, better Opels were to emerge. As Ford did, rallying was resorted to, for the purpose of uplifting the Russelsheim image. From being thought of as a tinny, mediocre, if cheap and useful, job, the modern Opels become very desirable cars. I have just looked in my log book to see which models I have driven since the days of the pre-war Kadett and 2½-litre six-cylinder cabriolet 'luxury' Opels. I see that in 1967 I tested a Rekord. This was the first model to be introduced to the British market for 26 years, since before the war in fact. Opel was back in Britain, and since that time has never looked back.

Whereas the pre-strife Kadett had a side-valve engine, a valve arrangement now dead and gone forever, the new family of 1960s Opels had something notably ingenious in the valve-gear department. The camshaft was overhead, in the sense that it was above the cylinder block. But it was under the rockers, thrusting upwards onto the tappets and prodding inclined-in-one-plane valves through simple rockers, to embrace a clever 'squig' combustion chamber. No need to go into details, at this distance in time, but I was not exactly enamoured with this 1.9-litre car Rocket L which re-introduced Opel to England, fame and glory.

My next Opel-tipple was in 1968, in the guise of a Kadett Rallye Coupé fast-back two-door with 67 American horses emanating from its twin-Solex 1,078 cc engine. I rated it willing and comfortable, but otherwise unexceptional. By this time General Motors were promoting Opel sales with a Lex Service Station near Lord's Court next to the cricket ground, and a growing dealer network.

Opels came in much improved forms from 1969. In that year I had a go in a Commodore GS, which was a fine combination of compact American auto, European ideas on road-holding, and a high-grade German interior. There was power-steering, that ingenious ohc valve gear, and sport wheels, and this Commodore then cost a mere £1,970. Servicing was now done by Lendrum and Hartman, whom generations of American servicemen and others will know as the Buick People. The new image Opels were emerging.

From 1970 onwards I was flooded with better and better Opels, give or take a setback or two. I drove a 1900L Rekord, with the new GM automatic transmission made in a 247-acre factory at Strasbourg, and in the GT it was apparent that Opel now knew how to make very acceptable fast cars. The Kadett, modern guise, old name, was less appealing. Then in 1971 I was able to discover what an Ascona 16S and a Manta SR were all about. The former was approved of and the latter, in Rallye Coupé form, was summed up as a likeable car that should sell well—at £1,475, I see! A rather rubbery 1900 Rekord II impressed me less favourably, in 1972. But the Kadett, revised again in design late in 1973, pleased me when I achieved 38½ mpg in one, the following year. This is GM's universal car, sold in America as the Chevrolet City, from Luton as the Vauxhall Chevette, here and in Germany as the Opel Kadett. There is all the room in the universe for a good 1,200 cc car in these petrol-pricey times and the GM theme of putting the horses before the wagon makes a nice change from universal front wheel drive. At the opposite extreme, real satisfaction was derived from the fine Commodore 2.8 GS I tried during 1974.



During all this time I have seen General Motors' PRO's come and go, all of them operating with the unflurried efficiency I have come to take for granted from GM executives. The Opel Service Station is now at Kingsbury, where I used to go as a boy to see the DH Moths flying in and out of Stag Lane aerodrome. And when they deliver road-test Opels to we press chaps, there is no dickering about with outside delivery drivers or the nearest grease boy.

Two cars are made use of, the one that is being delivered, the other to return its driver to base. The smooth operation of a confident concern.

The last Opel I drove was the Ascona 1.9 SR two-door saloon, a very useful and exceedingly pleasant mode of transport which I was definitely reluctant to give back; and I am not being paid to say that! Not a BMW, not a Mercedes, mind you, but a comfortable, quick, smooth-running, willing motor car, of the no-nonsense sort. And a surprisingly economical one, to round off the ingredients of a very acceptable Opel model you can purchase, even in 1977, for a modest £3,175. Opel has rolled along effectively, in those 79 years. The output was up to over 25,000 cars by 1920, more than 206,000 had been produced by 1930, above a million Opels by the first year of World War Two. The score by the end of 1974 was 12,605,015 and of the 1974 output of 583,645 Opels, 51.4% were exported. Which is, I suppose, another way of saying that well-finished cars from this German factory are one of the things badly needed in the modern world. The models run all the way from the utility Kadett (starting at £1,886) to the splendid 2.7-litre Commodore GS/E (£6,826, on the British market). There are the more sporting Asconas and Mantas in between, with which I could be very happy, and Opel has also made a deep notch in the diesel market, with cars that have used these oil engines in successful long-distance, high-speed record-bids, to prove their ruggedness.

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Löwenbräu. As seen in Mayfair.

Smooth and mellow Löwenbräu.
Brewed and bottled in Munich.

Morgana

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ROY BREWINGTON

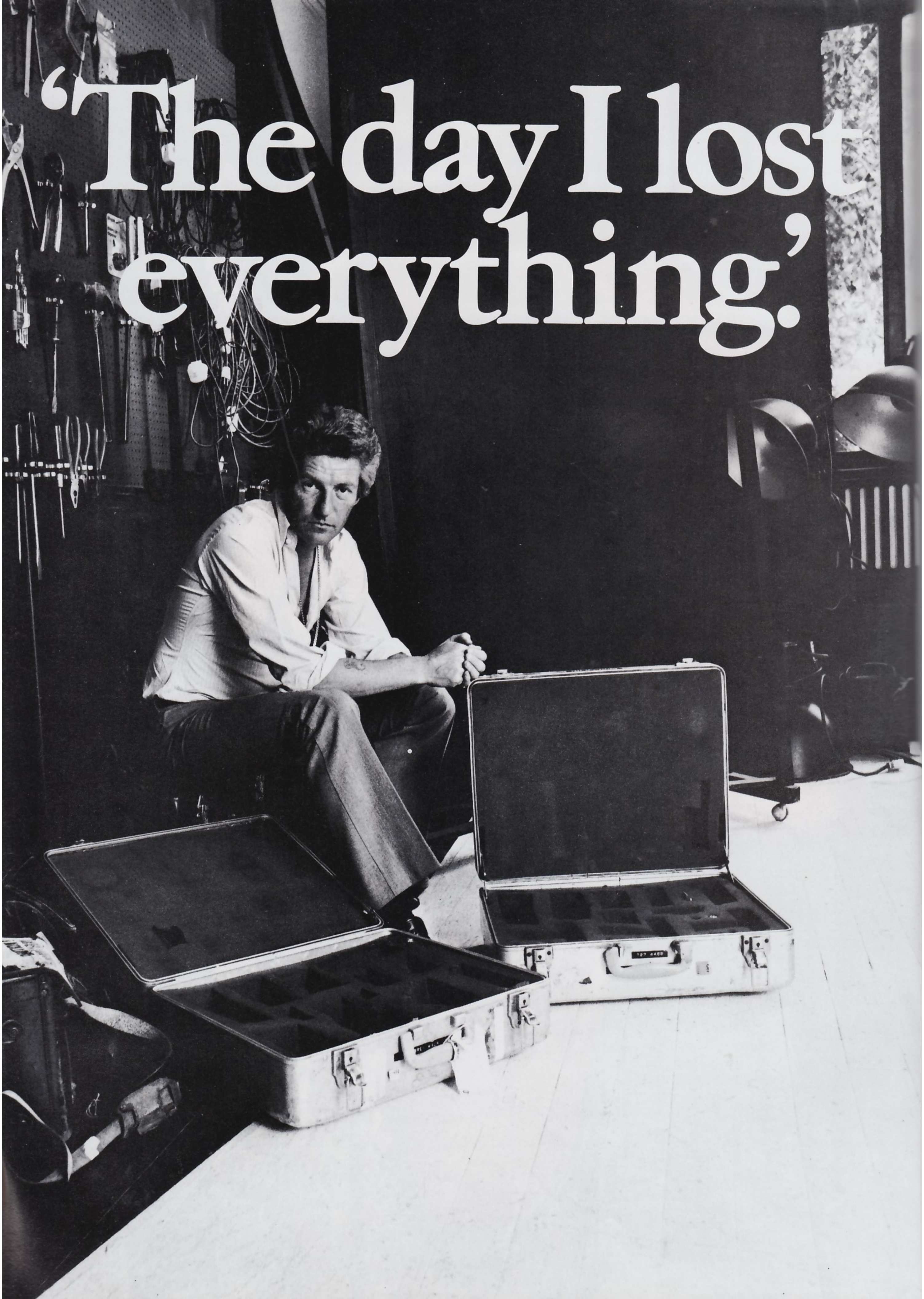
On July 4, the United States of America will celebrate its 201st birthday, so it's fitting that our 27-year-old centre-girl Morgana Taylor is not only an American, but also a direct descendant of one who once held the highest position that that country can offer. The man in question was General Zachary Taylor who was President of the USA from March 5 1849 to July 9 1850. The General was 37C-24-36 Morgana's great-great-grandfather and it's doubtless from this redoubtable soldier that Morgana has inherited her steely

determination to succeed in showbiz, her own chosen field. Born in Rome, Morgana moved to San Diego in California where she worked, would you believe, as a rodeo rider for a while before coming to the conclusion that there had to be easier ways of making a living. So she moved back to Italy and enrolled in drama school. Since then, it's been success all the way with an impressive list of film, TV and

recording credits including a couple of movies for Fellini, one of them *Satyricon*, her own TV series entitled *La Fierra dei Sogni* and a spell with the Piccolo Teatro di Firenze. Now Morgana is in England attempting to make her mark as a successful country-and-western singer. Having

signed with a prestigious agency she's hard at work on her first album which hopefully will be released to coincide with a major nation-wide concert tour. We'll be keeping you posted on Morgana's progress up the ladder of success so watch this space!

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/MORGANA TAYLOR


'The day I lost everything.'

(Or why Patrick Lichfield would like to thank the man who stole his cameras.)

"One day last February, my studio was burgled.

The thief took every single piece of 35mm camera equipment I owned: bodies, filters, lenses, the lot. He also made an awful mess of the place.

Even so, I can't thank him enough.

You see, I'd had that 35mm single lens reflex system he stole for nigh on twelve years.

In that time, I'd seen a lot of developments take place in the 35mm market.

And one system in particular had come along that struck me as being considerably better than any other.

The Olympus OM System.

The Olympus OM1 and OM2 bodies are a good third smaller than those of comparable SLRs.

Their Zuiko lenses have won independent tests for quality and resolution time and time again.

And ever since it came out, I've been itching to change to it.

There was just one small problem. I had far too much money tied up in my other system.

Until that glorious day last February when this chap comes along and steals the lot.

I couldn't believe my luck.

And after a quick call to my insurance broker, I got straight on the phone to try and get hold of a couple of black OM2 bodies.

I also wanted a selection of lenses,: 24mm, 55mm, 85mm, 200mm and 600mm.

And, determined to make the most of a bad thing, some filters, lens hoods and a motor drive.

The first chance I got to use my new equipment was when I set out with it for the West Indies to do some pictures of Bianca Jagger.

Right away, the compactness of the Olympus system came in handy.

For the first time in my life, I managed to take all my gear as cabin baggage.

The same thing happened when I went off to photograph the Monaco Grand Prix.

I've been covering this event for fifteen years. But this is the first year I haven't had to visit an osteopath when I came back.

The OM2 certainly lives up to its claim of being 35% lighter than other SLRs, even after a day of carting it up and down the hills of Monte Carlo.

It also generates a lot of interest wherever I go. It's the only camera I've ever owned that people keep offering to buy off me.

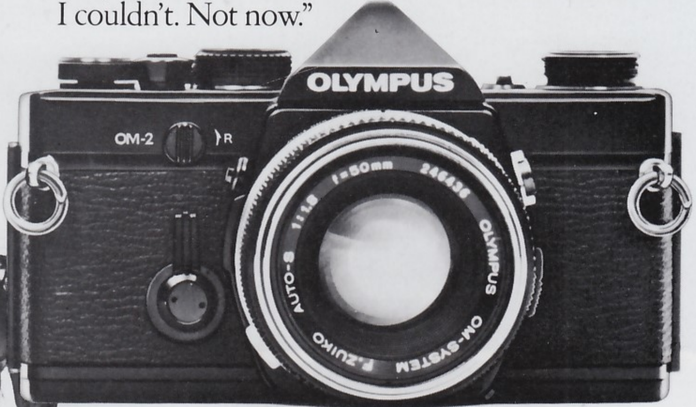
In fact, the only person who hasn't paid much attention to the OM2 is my new-born daughter, Rose. I snapped a picture of her and her mother the other week and she didn't so much as bat an eyelid.

But then I suppose the OM2 is much quieter than other SLRs. She probably didn't hear the click.

Yes, after owning the OM2 for several months, I can honestly say that I'm as pleased with it now as when I first got it.

All I hope is, when the Police catch the man who stole my cameras, I'm not asked to take them back.

I couldn't. Not now."



To Olympus Optical Co. (UK) Ltd., 2–8 Honduras Street, London EC1Y 0TX. Telephone: 01-253 2772.

Please send me more information about the Olympus OM system.

Name______________________________

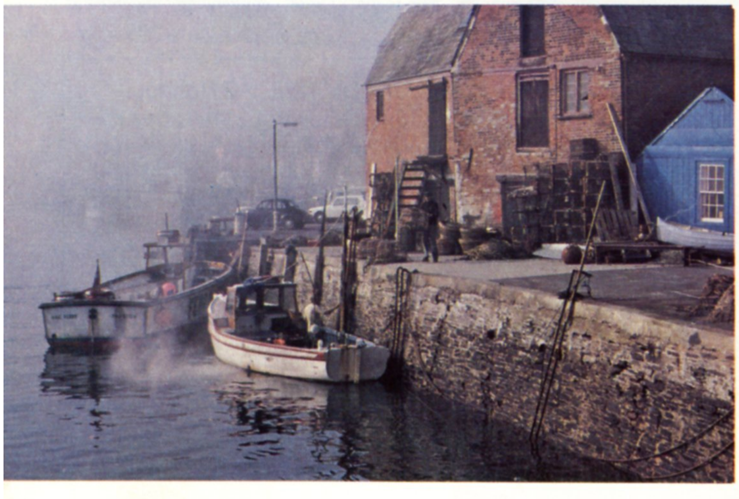
Address____________________________

____

OLYMPUS OM SYSTEM

OM2M2

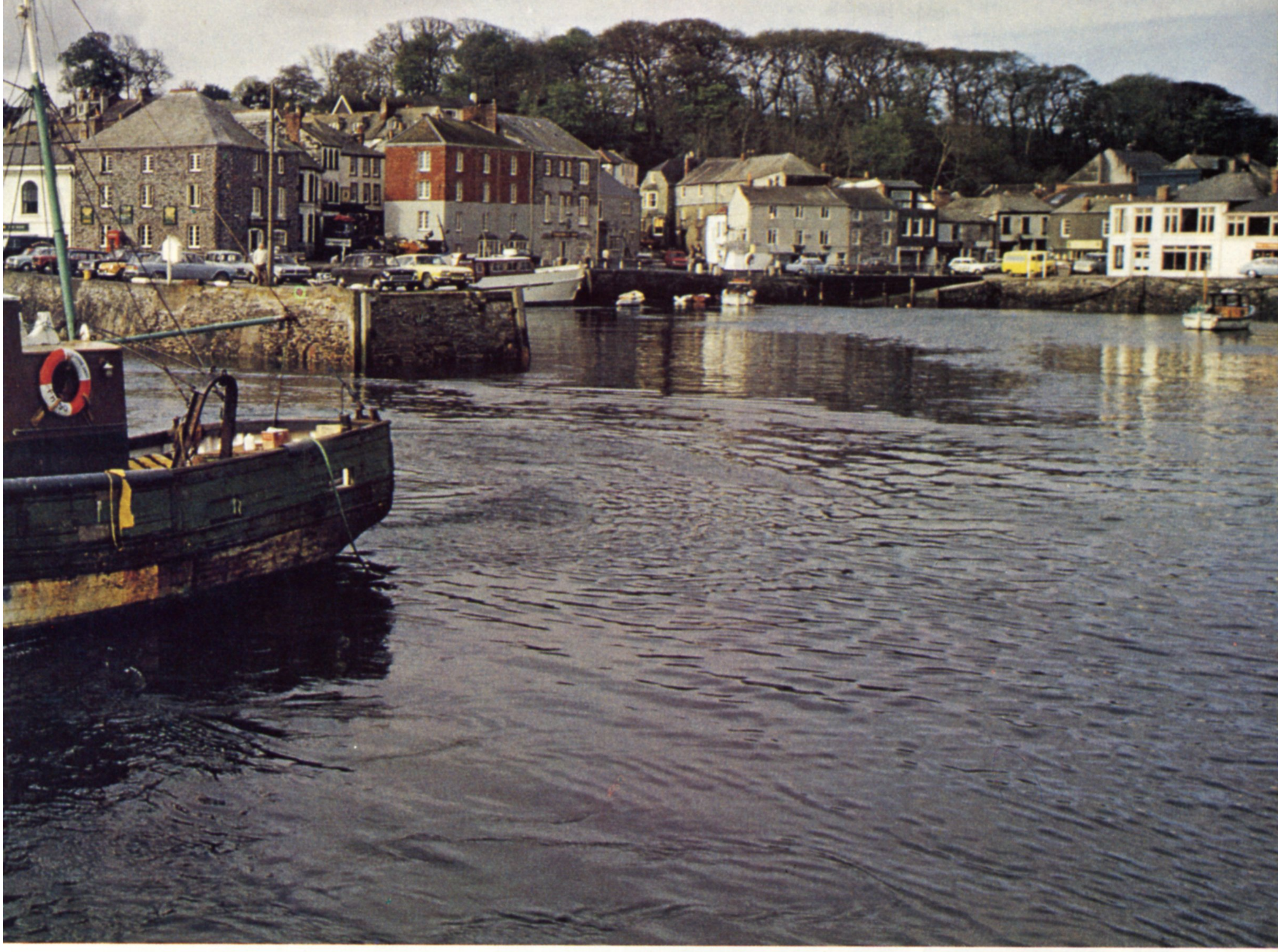
Above: Leonora with our daughter, Rose. 85mm lens, hand-held 1/125th at f5.6, Kodak Plus-X. Right: Bianca Jagger. 85mm lens, hand-held 1/250th at f11, Kodak Tri-X.



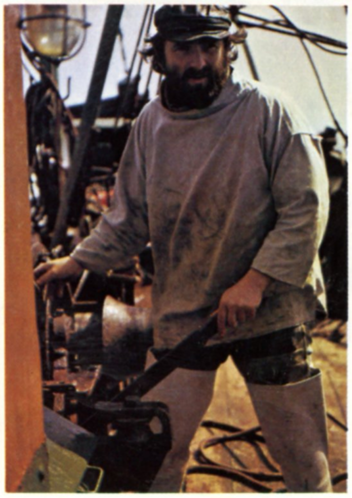
Ever dreamt of being the one that got away...

Most of us have hankered after the romance of life at sea. Cornwall's trawlermen live out the harsh reality every day

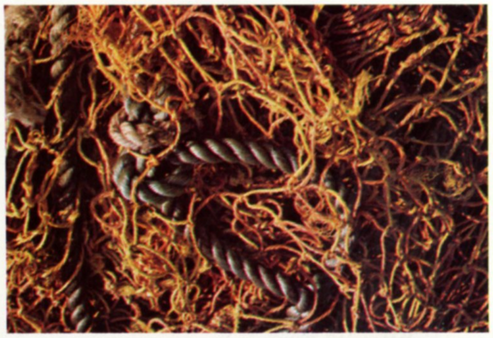
Photographed by David Simson



As we sit, silent Bristows watching the office clock crawl towards five thirty, or battling our way home through the commuter stampede, who hasn't dreamt of wider horizons, telling the boss exactly what we think of him, cashing in our savings, boarding the first plane, train or boat bound for hardier climes? Most of us have remembered wife and mortgage and settled down to thrills by proxy in the company of *Kojak* or *Poldark*. But there are those whose daily bread is earned in a world drenched, almost literally, in the age-old romance that inspired novelists like Joseph Conrad and Herman Melville. Every day from countless ports on the cliff-riven coast of Cornwall, an armada of weather-beaten trawlers, most under 25 tons, chugs out to sea under diesel power to draw up quality fish from the shallow floors of inshore waters. Most of the boats are skippered by their owners, with one or two hands to help, men like 31-year-old Bob Harvey-George, skipper of the 52-foot *Jean Pierre André* (pictured above, sailing out of Padstow harbour). Bob



(seen overleaf, bottom right, at the wheelhouse and on deck) has been fishing out of Cornish ports for the past 10 years, carrying on an arduous and often perilous tradition that has lasted as long as Cornishmen. 'I wasn't born to the sea,' he says, 'but I'm stuck with it now. It gets in your blood.' It is perhaps just as well. Apart from the obvious dangers of high seas and bad weather – in March he was only able to set sea for five or six days – there are the less hazardous but equally debilitating problems of high equipment costs and an uncertain market. 'When the weather is good there's a glut of fish and the price goes right down,' Bob complains. The fish he aims for – lemon sole, mackerel (pictured right, hanging up and, bottom right, in a basket), plaice, ray – can bring anything from a few pence to one or two hundred pounds for a daily trip; but nothing is guaranteed and his running and repair costs are always increasing (see his vessel being tarred and re-fitted in Padstow at low tide, opposite page, top right). The French built *Jean Pierre André* cost £12,000 secondhand in 1972. Diesel fuel for its 172 hp Poyaud engine averages £15 a day and navigation equipment is rented at £22 a week. Bob quotes a skipper friend: 'A fishing boat is a hole in the ocean you pour money into.' So why does he go on, working up to 12 hours a day and often through the night, battling against elements and the bank manager to make three or four trawls that may produce nothing? 'It's an outdoor life, I'm my own boss,' he says, 'and it's a challenge.' Somehow, on the 5.45 to Surbiton, that makes a lot of sense.



Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

While engaged in a thesis on birth control a student was told of a small village which could provide him with valuable information. The village, Waggling Hampton, had a phenomenal birth-rate, in an area where population was static. The student went to investigate. He made his way to the village pub where he soon discovered that a few jars of cider got the locals talking.

'Ahh!' said one old farmer, 'Oi can tell 'ee, young feller, why we 'ave more beebies yere, an' Oi've got four'een to prove it. 'Tis 'cos ye railway.'

'The railway?' queried the student.

'Aye,' said the farmer, 'that ol' milk train what comes along, ten past foive, each mornin'. Allus blows 'er whistle as she comes roun' the bend, then she pulls up with them brakes ascreechin' an' they get busy an' rattle all they churns across the platform, then 'er blows 'er whistle again and shunts up an' down a time or two to get the empty milk van into the sidin' for the full churns, then 'er whistles again an' rattles off. Wakes everyone she does.'

'Go on,' said the student.

'I can tell ye've never lived in the country, lad,' said the farmer, ''cos if you 'ad, you'd know as ten past foive be an awkward hour of the mornin'. Bit too early to go to work, bit too late to get off to sleep again.'

On arriving home, a top Harley Street surgeon discovered to his horror a leak in one of his central heating radiators. Remembering an advertising pamphlet which had come through the letterbox a few days before he went rummaging through the litter bin. On finding the crumpled note he was relieved to see that it advertised a new professional, 24-hour-a-day plumbing service, which was based close-by. Within minutes of him putting down the receiver the plumber was at the door and in another five minutes had plugged the leak and was set to leave, presenting the eminent surgeon with a bill for £75 plus VAT.

'That's outrageous,' roared the surgeon. 'It works out to £900 an hour! Ludicrous! I'm a top Harley Street surgeon and I don't charge that much.'

'No, I know. I never used to charge that much when *I* was a top Harley Street surgeon.'

Ethel and Maud, two down but not yet out old ladies entered a swish Mayfair bar. It was a celebratory treat for Maud's birthday. The barman cruelly decided to confuse the two women and get them to leave.

Ethel removed a crumpled pound note from her coat pocket. 'Two gins, please,' she said, timidly.

'There are three kinds of gin,' said the barman, 'sloe, pink and dry. Which is it to be?' Ethel looked puzzled and returned to Maud to explain the situation. Maud thought for a minute and then asked Ethel if she could run. On receiving a yes she told her to go to the door, and on the order, to leg it up the road. Confused, but willing, Ethel shuffled to the door and Maud approached the bar. 'Two gins please.'

'Madam,' said the barman, 'there are three kinds of gin – sloe, pink and dry. Which do you want?'

Hitching her skirt around her knees Maud smiled and said 'And there are three kinds of turds – mustard, custard, and you, you big shit . . . RUN, ETHEL.'

'Mr Sexauer please,' said the voice at the other end of the line.

'Mr Who?' queried the switchboard operator.

'I'd like to speak to Mr Sexauer.'

'Mr Who?' repeated the operator.

'Look,' said the voice, 'don't you have a Sexauer there?'

'Mister,' said the operator breezily, 'we don't even get a tea break.'

A negro and a white man were arguing loudly at the head of a bus queue in Brixton and preventing the bus from leaving, when the conductor pushed his way downstairs.

'What in the hell is going on?' he roared in a South African accent.

'This honky jumped in front of me!' accused the negro.

'Rubbish,' said the white man, 'I knelt to tie my shoelace and he barged past.'

They began shouting at each other again.

'Hold on, hold on,' said the conductor. 'Why does there have to be this ridiculous fighting between the races? Now listen; there's an easy way to resolve this terrible racial conflict. Why not do as I do and think of everyone as green – no black or white anymore – everyone is green? Are we agreed?'

'Well,' said the white man, 'I suppose it's a point of view.'

'Sounds a pretty good idea to me,' said the negro.

'That's marvellous; we can get this bus moving,' said the conductor. 'Right! Light greens to the front of the bus, dark greens to the back!'

The plain girl arrived at work wide-eyed, smiling and with frizzy hair.

'My but you do look glowing,' said one of her more catty workmates. 'I know, you've bought a set of rollers and some eye-make-up?'

'No,' sighed her workmate, 'my vibrator short-circuited this morning.'

Oh sexy, salacious Miss Plum!
When I asked her which way she had come,
She answered, 'By train,'
I replied, 'Come again?'
And she did, several times, on my thumb.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

HENRI WINTERMANS
SLIM PANATELLA
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HOLLAND
HENRI WINTERMANS SLIM PANATELLA

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from Henri Wintermans, world's No.1 cigar exporter.

SYLVIE

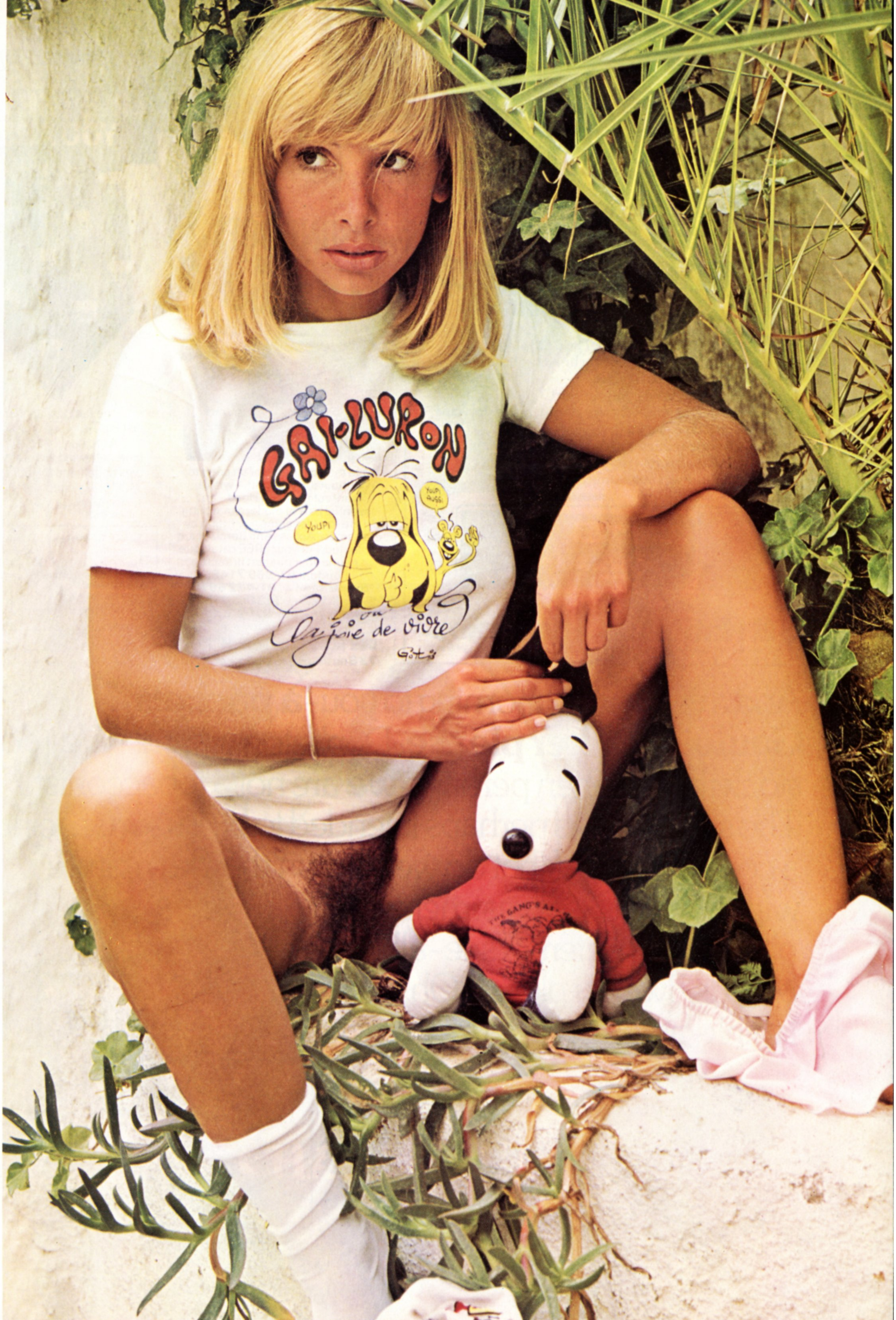
Twenty-two-year-old Sylvie Jameson has a special affinity with the sun, which is perhaps just as well because she spends the summer months toiling in the peculiarly lucid sunlight of the Greek islands. She is a hostess for a small firm specialising in villa parties. 'And it is toil,' she

grins, 'especially in the bigger villas where if you're not cooking for twenty or more people you're haggling over food in the local market. Best are the smaller, more remote spots. They're more primitive

but the numbers of guests are usually fewer and you get time to laze around in the afternoons and the evenings. Also the people who pick those places tend to be more self-sufficient. They don't come to you with every problem.' Picturing 34-22-34 inch Sylvie as a mother figure might seem a strain. She

smiles: Our parties are all in their twenties and there's always one man who thinks you need company. I'm not really complaining, but it's silly to get involved with a man who's leaving in a fortnight. Most of the villa girls I know find local boyfriends;

they're terrible male chauvinists, but very charming and at least they're there when you need them. My big advantage is my hair. Blondes are at a premium around the islands. It doesn't make much difference what the rest of you is like.' False modesty, Sylvie.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YOUPI AUSSI
ou la joie de vivre
Gotlib
THE GANG'S AL

"Yesterday I gave Shirley Bassey a lift to the airport."

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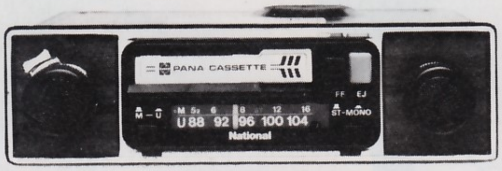
I could hardly believe it. The CQ841 incorporates many of the advances in hi-fi that have made National Panasonic so famous.

Streamlined and compact, the CQ841 has an automatic stereo/mono change circuit, a 'fast-forward' facility and a tape ejector.

The noise reduction adaptor prevented any interruptions to my reverie.

So tomorrow, I've arranged to give her a lift back.



Just slightly ahead of our time.

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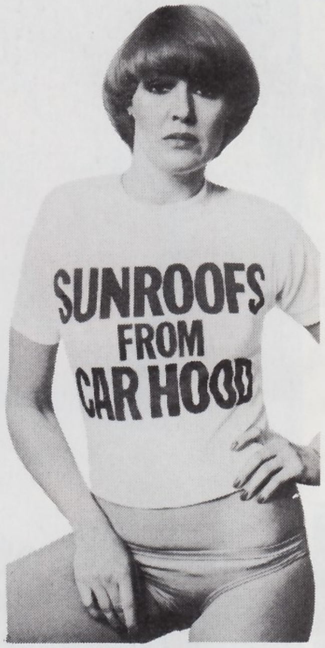

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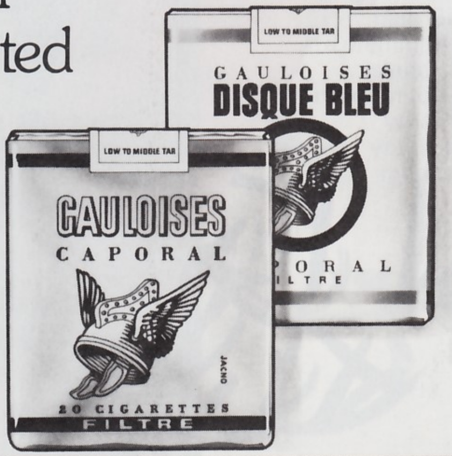
Please send me . . . . . . tie(s) at £4·50 each. I enclose cheque/P.O. payable to Mayfair.
Name____________________
Address____________________
____________________MC1

And a very good morning to you – **a packet of Gauloises filter please.** Don't stock them? **We-** don't stock them? Then perhaps **we** are not a tobacconist. The shop front is perhaps intended to be illusory, a feint, a conundrum? What do we trade in then – armature windings? clerical vestments? phlogiston meters? I see – all other brands. Twenty please. Oh, assorted I think – as long as they're French.



Gauloises
from tobacconists

"LOW TO MIDDLE TAR"
As defined by H.M. Government.
EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING.

George Manolescu

continued from page 42

Jewels, without which he dare not return to his mountain capital without risking a revolution.

'Dimmi' was in Monte Carlo to recoup his losses but a lovely dancer named Mariella had followed him from Rome and now blackmailed him into parting with much of his Monte Carlo winnings under the threat of revealing the story of the ring.

George and Pellicio – who posed as the local Prefect de Police – visited Mariella and blackmailed *her* out of £6,000 and secured a signed statement that she had tried to blackmail the prince. George gave the prince £4,000 and kept £2,000 for himself.

Four months later George got his only genuine title. 'Dimmi' sent him a document naming him a baron of the State of Valebianco, with the title Baron d'Argente Viva – Baron of Quick Money!

Installing his wife in a new £22,000 home at Lindau on the German shores of Lake Constance, George, with Pellicio, went on a large-scale raiding expedition in Belgium and France, George entertaining himself with a girl or two on the way.

In Paris's St James Hotel he was stealing something like £50,000 worth of jewels from a lady's room when she walked in on him. George bluffed it out, dared her to prove he had the jewels on his person, and walked out, leaving her speechless.

He returned to Angelika at Lindau but repeatedly vanished to replenish funds and for affairs with local girls whom he took to Munich hotels to bed down. George's formidable German mother-in-law learned about the girls and challenged him.

'I need women, beautiful women,' said George. 'I need them – as you need a new face!'

Eventually George left Angelika and young baby for good (the marriage was later annulled), made a big jewel haul in Lucerne, and on the way to Frankfurt picked up in the train 'a quite acceptable buxom young lady' whom he installed as his 'wife' in the Palace Hotel. He signed in under the name 'Dr Davilla.'

But the extremely efficient German and Swiss police were worried by the spate of big jewel robberies that had hit them and thorough checking of hotel registers in two countries led to examination of the 'Dr Davilla' signature and comparison with signatures at looted hotels. George's room was searched when he was out, a stolen brooch was found, and he was arrested.

In gaol, first in Frankfurt and then in Lucerne, George feigned madness. He treated the prisons as hotels, ordering special food to be sent in and even making the warders work as valets – he went into prison with 21 suits among other luggage. In March 1900 he received a four months' sentence, on the grounds that he could not be fully responsible for his actions.

Freed, George went to Paris, where he was now famous. He was infuriated by newspaper accounts of his exploits when they attributed the wrong, and clumsy, crimes to him. He gave interviews refuting these and told much of his true story before moving on to Berlin. In one hotel here he stole a £12,000 necklace.

When the furore in the papers indicated that George and Pellicio had better flee the German capital, George lifted gems from three more hotels on the way to the railway station. But his luck was running out.

George was arrested again, in Genoa, and sent for trial to Baden Baden, where he again pleaded insanity and was sent to the state asylum this time. He escaped to Austria but was expelled to his native Rumania, where he received a hero's welcome.

At the age of 35, deciding it was at last time to turn over a new leaf, he went to New York, where for the first time in his life he tried honest work, as a warehouse packer and then caretaker to dwarfs in a circus. He moved on to Montreal and started gambling again but fractured his right arm in an accident, virtually ending his gambling career. In March 1906 after his return to Paris George's injured arm had to be amputated. But that summer he married Mademoiselle Pauline Tollet, a well-built, lively brunette of 24, who had been left a substantial fortune by her father. Pellicio was one of the witnesses.

George no longer wanted a life of crime, even if he had been capable of it. Until his death from 'a lingering disease' in 1911 he lived in Milan with Pauline, earning a precarious living in typical fashion – writing articles on how to keep property safe in hotels. The fact that he was helping his old enemies, the police of a dozen countries, did rankle a little, but money was money, and his name in the papers once more was better still.

He was delighted when a racehorse was named after him and when someone suggested – perhaps maliciously – that his brilliant brain be investigated after his death by the new school of Italian criminologists working under Professor Lombroso. At once he dictated to a rather appalled Pauline a letter to his publisher asking him to buy future rights in his head for an immediate payment of £3,000!

When George died, 12 suits, 40 silk shirts, 10 pairs of patent-leather shoes and all the other accessories of the prosperous gentleman were enshrined in a room by his widow, together with his silver-framed patent of Valebianco's nobility. But after his 20 years as Prince of Thieves, he left only £2, an outstanding fee from an Italian newspaper for an article.

Exactly what was the secret of George's fantastic success? He himself always rejected the suggestion he was just lucky. In fact it was plain ice-cool nerve and a deep knowledge of human nature. He was a supreme bluffer.

'Certainly,' George would say, 'luck plays a certain role – it has to. But the main element in my success was the atmosphere at hotels. I learned the basic lesson in Athens that people lulled by the gracious comfort of a well-run hotel become careless. And if at home they are accustomed to the services of a personal maid or

turn to page 82

SOUNDS SEDUCTIVE

An erotic classic to turn her on: The Perfumed Garden on tapes and discs

A turn-on for girls? Judging by your comments, our *Perfumed Garden* recordings are just that. Men who've played the LP's to girls tell astonishing stories of thawing frigidity and those with car cassette or cartridge players have also been quick to realise the sensual appeal of this erotic classic. And today's sexual equality means that few girls will be offended at even the frankest passages. The recordings are available either as a single-tape cassette; a twin cartridge tape; or a double LP in a full-colour sleeve. Each has a total running time of 80 minutes and costs just £5.65, which is fully inclusive of postage and packing.

To Mayfair Record Society,
95A Chancery Lane,
WC2 1DZ.
Please send LP/Cassette/Cartridge tape version, (delete whichever does not apply), at £5.65 each. A cheque/postal order for.......... is enclosed. I'm over 18
Name ....
Address ....
....
....
.... Date.................. M127
All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875169

Who was the elegant and love-obsessed man who wrote passionate letters to Crosby's wife? And why did she never let him know?

Strokes of the Pen

Fiction by
Sam Buffington

Crosby sat at his desk in his pyjamas idly leafing through a volume of *Les Fleurs du Mal*. In the next room his wife lay in bed, probably asleep. He knew there was little point in climbing in beside her. Gone were the days of desperate love, the wild kisses, the shameless fingers, the deep throat days when their sweating bodies had writhed through the night.

'Ah, 1969,' he thought. 'Days of soixante-neuf. Sex was all we had in those days. Now we've everything but. A big house in the country, two cars in the garage and the last time we made love was . . .' Crosby couldn't remember except that it hadn't even been very memorable at the time. He supposed they had both changed. Business took its toll. His face was still handsome but he had broadened and thickened – still plenty of drive but very little sparkle.

There was a pile of notepaper on the desk and without thinking he pulled a pen out of its marble stand and began a letter to his wife.

My Dearest Giselle,
I must write to you. I burn. You have set me alight. When I see you my mind races. I tear your clothes from you. I kiss your breasts. I slide my hand across the soft curve of your belly. I finger soft secrets. I explore everything. If only such a dream could be true!
I adore you,
Claude

He didn't know why he signed it Claude. It was the first name that came into his head. Crosby stared at the letter and at once was fired with the idea of putting it in the post. He even considered getting dressed there and then and walking down to the post box. But, with his hands shaking, he slipped the note into an envelope, printed the

Contact
Blue

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT

JOseph

Are you saying one thing while your breath says another?

"I just snatched a sandwich for lunch, C.J."

At last, there's a neat solution for the man who wants to live at peace with his weaknesses.

Double Amplex breath freshener capsules.

One capsule will help you substantiate even the most elaborate deceit.

It will mask the traces of a 12-year-old scotch. Disguise the aroma of your favourite Havana. Even dissipate the aftermath of the most imaginative Italian cooking.

One pocket-sized pack gives you 28 capsules. **Double Amplex.**

It's a nice way to freshen your mouth.

DOUBLE AMPLEX
NEW SCIENTIFIC
DOUBLE AMPLEX
BREATH FRESHENER
28 CAPSULES
DOUBLE AMPLEX CAPSULES 28

FROM CHEMISTS U.K. & R. OF IRELAND.

address, and put it in the inside pocket of his jacket hanging in the wardrobe. The next morning on the way into town he stopped the car in Wimbledon and posted it.

The letter should have arrived the next day but the post came after he had left in the morning so it was not until the following evening that he could gauge what effect it had had. He swung the car into the drive eagerly and burst expectantly into the house with a cheery 'Hello!' Giselle responded warmly enough but she didn't mention anything about a letter. 'She's saving it to throw at me over dinner,' he thought. But the meal passed with no reference at all about mail. When he inquired she only produced an electricity bill of electrifying proportions.

When Giselle said nothing the next day Crosby could believe one of two things – either the GPO was more inefficient than he had imagined or she was concealing the letter from him. This last idea thrilled him: it meant there was life in her after all. That night when she had gone to bed he wrote another letter.

Darling Giselle,
Yesterday when I saw you out shopping I could think of nothing but how it would be to make love to you. I long to kiss every part of your body but especially your vagin *as the French say. How warm, how soft, how succulent it must be! My fingers itch to caress it. My lips burn to kiss it. My tongue longs to savour it. My love, I think of it now and I ask, 'Can ever that treasure be mine?'*
A thousand caresses,
Claude

Again Giselle displayed no sign of having received the letter. Or did Crosby note a certain smugness about her, a certain sparkle in the eye? He bombarded her with letters – passionate, intimate, yearning letters and he was sure. A plan formed in his mind. He wrote:

Sweet Venus,
I can't sleep. I think of making you happy, of sliding into you between your soft, moist folds. I think of pushing past those pink curtains into the hot cave of your womb. I see your eyes closed and your mouth open, panting with pleasure. I feel your knees on my chest, tucked up in the ecstasy of offering. I feel your vagin *tighten on me like a noose, trying to strangle my manhood before it pushes you off the cliff into Paradise. Giselle, write to me. Tell me if there is any hope.*
I tremble for your reply,
Claude

At the foot of the letter Crosby added a PO Box number.

He waited impatiently for an answer. In all his life he had never experienced such delicious anticipation. And when a letter arrived he almost shouted for joy. He stuffed it in his pocket and ran back to the multi-storey park where he had left his

turn to page 80

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

No. 6

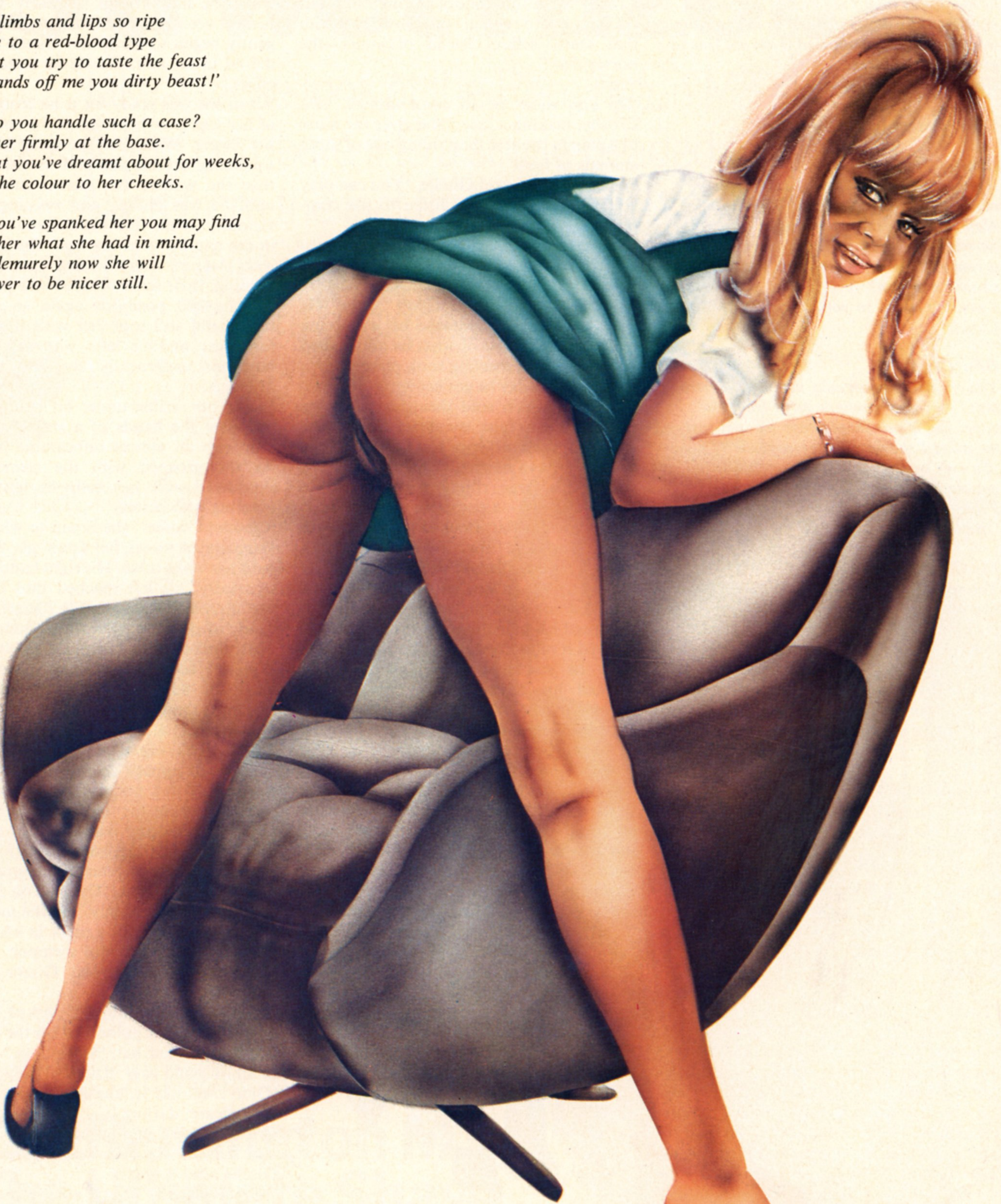
Naughty Normas like to tease,
Lisping talk and 'pretty please',
Skimpy skirts to keep her cool,
Tunic dresses as at school.

Normas attract the older man,
Eyelashes flutter like a fan.
'Touch me here, or squeeze me there?
Go on, Sir, you wouldn't dare'.

Nubile limbs and lips so ripe
Torture to a red-blood type
But just you try to taste the feast
It's 'Hands off me you dirty beast!'

How do you handle such a case?
Treat her firmly at the base.
Do what you've dreamt about for weeks,
Bring the colour to her cheeks.

Once you've spanked her you may find
It's rather what she had in mind.
Quite demurely now she will
Bend over to be nicer still.



Strokes of the Pen

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car. He slammed the door and tore open the envelope.

Dear Claude,
Thank you for your wonderful letters. You have made me aware of myself once more. Every inch of me tingles knowing you think of me. Every man I see makes my heart pound and I ask, 'Is it you?' Your thoughts warm me but I am married. I am not free to give what you want.
Giselle

Crosby wrote back at once

Giselle! Giselle!
A thousand thanks! Now I know you are mine! Forget your husband! Deceive him! How many lives do you have to waste in barren constancy? We must meet. I will arrange it. Oh my honey-hips, we will step aboard a dream!
I worship it and so you,
Claude

Dear Claude,
You frighten me because you could destroy me. I feel your strength surge from the page. But if you should have me and cast me aside I should never recover. Why did you ever write to me? And yet, please do not stop.
I think of you always,
Giselle

My Giselle,
You want me! Don't be afraid. Destroy you—never! I want to make you grow as my desire grows when I think of you. I want to possess you only to feed your raging vagin *with myself. I want to inject life into you, to make you sing in your fingertips. Don't make me suffer! Say yes! Say yes! Don't leave me in agony any longer,*
Claude

Dearest Sweet Claude,
How I long to say yes. How I long to give myself. How I long to risk everything to give you the vagin *you want so much. But Claude, it is nothing special and it might disappoint you. What could be worse than my leaving you unsatisfied? No, I could not bear that. You expect too much of me.*
I love you so much,
Giselle

Crosby rented a flat in Wimbledon. It was situated in a pleasant part of the town in a quiet tree-lined street. The large Victorian house which still had iron railings on its frontage was a three storey building. His flat was on the first floor. There was a large kitchen, a large living room, two large bedrooms and, what pleased him most, a large bathroom which, as well as a bath, shower and wash basin, possessed a bidet.

My Darling Honey-Hips,
We are lovers already. You do not disappoint me but you must not withhold your body when we have loved each other the night long in our minds. You must come to the address written at the bottom of this letter.
I am making love to you now, Giselle.
Come, come,
Claude

Over dinner two days later Giselle said, 'You don't have any objections to my spending a weekend at Yarmouth, do you?' Crosby felt a thrill shoot through him but he managed to remain impassive. 'Not with that scatty school friend of yours—the horsey one?'

'Yes.'

'Do you want me to come along?' said Crosby, making a face. 'She gives me more of a pain in the arse than riding one of those animals of hers.'

'You stay here,' said Giselle. 'You can play golf without having to listen to me complaining about you coming in late.'

'Thank God for that! When are you thinking of going?'

'Next weekend, I thought.'

That night Crosby couldn't sleep. He wasn't sure it was because he was being deceived or because of what he anticipated doing when the meeting took place.

The following day he got her letter. He went to a shop which sold theatrical make-up and bought a false moustache. Then he bought himself a denim suit (the last thing he would have normally worn) and some shoes with large round toe-caps and a couple of shirts—a complete new outfit.

He went to the flat, stocked the fridge with champagne and the living room with flowers. He was pleased with the place. The only thing wrong was that the taps on the bidet did not work properly.

He rinsed his hair to take out the grey and combed it more forward without a parting. Then he stuck on his moustache and checked his appearance in the mirror. 'Almost unrecognisable,' he muttered with more hope than confidence. Then he went to the window to watch for the lover who would deceive him.

Just as light was fading the familiar red car drove up to the house and he saw Giselle get out. She had on a new summer dress and her hair was free. An old nickname came to him that he had long forgotten—Gazelle.

Her footsteps sounded on the stair. He opened the door. She stepped inside. Before they had spoken they were in each others arms. Claude, for that was how he thought of himself, carried her to the bed. It was the old Giselle. Between kissing and caressing they pulled off each other's clothes. Then as she lay naked he made love to her mouth with his mouth while his hand slipped down to explore the *vagin* about which he had written so much. He took her between his thumb and forefinger and gently began to work her. Giselle's fingers delved in his hair. Slowly he increased his effort.

When she was ready for it he crooked one of her legs over his thigh so he could hold her better. With his free hand he began squeezing her nipples and as the passion rose she wanted this harder and harder until he was pulling and twisting almost viciously while his right hand explored in the gap between her legs. She squirmed with pleasure. Her widened dark eyes saw nothing, their sense drained into feeling.

He changed positions again so that his right hand still took her with thumb and forefinger and his left was free to slip into her underneath. By now she was delirious.

Seeing her writhe under his hands, seeing her want the hands of a stranger thrilled him with an almost unbearable intensity. As she groaned with the tremors that shuddered over her belly he felt himself bursting with ecstasy.

'Claude! Claude!' she began to whimper.

Droplets of sweat fell from his forehead onto her white torso. His right hand worked frenziedly, his left reached into her. She was arching and opening herself in an agony of pleasure. 'Claude! Claude!'

Then she began to go. Inside, the fireworks exploded, sending their sparks through the length of her body. His hand went faster making a slapping noise. 'Claude! Claude!' One tremor after another erupted from the ravished *vagin*. And as she went off Crosby felt himself go too. In the haste of passion he had not undressed completely and he came in his underwear like a fresh youth nodding and bucking as he did so.

Giselle went into the bathroom. In the now dark room Crosby poured champagne and they drank it in bed. 'The taps on the bidet aren't working properly,' Giselle remarked. That was the start of a night in which they ravished each other into a stupor.

The following afternoon Giselle arrived home about three.

'And how was Gloria?' asked Crosby giving his wife a polite kiss on the cheek.

She took off her hat. 'Still riding,' she said in an off-hand way. 'Did you play golf?'

'Didn't feel like it. Tea or coffee?'

'Tea please, darling.'

Crosby made a cup of tea.

'She's asked me over next weekend,' said Giselle after a bit.

'Next weekend! That's a bit strong, isn't it?'

'She doesn't see many people in Yarmouth.'

'And what am I supposed to do?'

'There's plenty of odd jobs need doing,' she said. 'Why don't you try your hand at plumbing?'

DUREX
Bill Caldwell

'Well, the advertisement said, "Enjoy meeting people and earn extra cash in your spare time. No selling involved."'

Nizo 2056 sound
macro
BRAUN

For the cost of a great silent camera a great silent camera–plus sound. Nizo 2056.

Pictures without sound are shadows. Real life is sonic. Ferraris snarl, Flamenco dancers volley and thunder, champagne rustles in the glass.

Only a camera that isn't deaf can bring reality close. None brings it closer than the Nizo 2056. And why so?

The long answer covers eight pages of fascinating brochure–yours for the trouble of posting the coupon.

The short answer is that it is made by Braun. In its way, that speaks even more eloquently than the eight pages. It speaks volumes.

BRAUN

Photo Division, Braun Electric (UK) Ltd., Dolphin Estate, Windmill Road, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex. Please send me your brochure on the Nizo 2056 Sound, sparing me no detail of its Schneider Macro Variogon lens, its two-speed 8:1 zoom, its automatic 3-setting gain control, its choice of 6 filming speeds, its entire multi-feature specification.

Name________________ Address________________________________ M 2

George Manolescu

continued from page 75

valet and then while travelling must look after themselves, they are absolutely helpless and completely at a loss as to what to do with the heaps of luggage they call their own. Often they do not know what they carry in their cases and trunks . . . and do not miss them for months.'

Then there was the nature of the age. Wealthy tourists would base themselves at a major hotel and leave most of their belongings there, taking out what they needed for short trips to places of interest. And no baggage room deterred George for long. Nor would any great hotel ever admit that property had disappeared within its sacred walls and, until he became too notorious, George, like any other fellow guests in such an hotel, was absolutely above suspicion. Robbers always came in from outside.

His technique is well illustrated by the raid on the jewellers, Fontana, one of the biggest in Paris at the time. Dressing in his best clothes – this was vital, he always said – he hired a carriage. The carriage was all-important also. The rich did not travel a yard on foot if they could help it, and then there was always the matter of a quick get-away.

As the carriage drew up at Fontana's entrance, a salesman rushed to open the door. George put down his top hat and cane on a small glass table and, caressing his moustache, asked to see some diamond brooches.

'After all,' he said to a flattered salesman, with the man-to-man confidence of the *boulevardier,* 'I think I owe madame some token of my appreciation!'

After a long conversation George chose a small bracelet and told the salesman to send it to him at a fictitious address. It was now near closing time and the shop was emptying.

Suddenly, as if the idea had just occurred to him, he asked: 'I am much interested in some unmounted diamonds, have you got any?'

'I had the salesman rattled,' recounted George. 'To show me diamonds would take him quite some time and, wanting to get home to his wife and supper, he would try to rush the proceedings.'

When George saw among the diamonds now displayed for him one looking roughly similar to the cut-glass 'diamond' he had bought for a few sous, he went into action. Jewellers always watch carefully the hands of their clients when gems lie about openly. As George had calculated, the eyes of the salesman were fixed on his *right* hand. But George was ambidextrous and with his left hand he switched his false stone for a real one. Then he asked the salesman to send one of the diamonds from the selection to the same address as the bracelet, and left the shop. He got, even from a fence, around £5,000 from that little effort.

As for the get-away, the Parisian newspapers, reporting the outbreak of thefts from jewellers, commented that nothing was easier than to escape from the police. 'You simply hire a carriage and the poor *agente de police* will be unable to follow, for the thief-catchers of the *Prefecture* do not allow their employees to spend money on carriages!'

MAGIC CIRCLE

As for gaining the *entrée* to the big houses, that too was only a matter of appearance and nerve. He would generally enter by the back door, through the garden, and if stopped by a footman or maid would pretend to be slightly drunk. 'Had to have a breath of air, you know . . . now I need another cognac . . .' and he would push past the smiling servant.

If he was stopped while exploring the upper floors of a house he would say he had not felt well and was looking for a place to rest for a few moments.

'At the garden party in the palais of the Marquis de Massor,' he recalled, 'when I said I felt ill a sympathetic maid led me to a boudoir with a fortune in gems on the dressing table. I did not touch a thing but made a note of the make and position of a small wall safe which the occupant had left open. I could return another day and deal with that.'

When jewels were missed from such houses the fear of scandal almost always prevented the owner from going to the police and perhaps embarrassing the host of the party.

Of the women in hotels, George said: 'Nobody has ever counted how many respectable lonely women there are in the great hotels, looking for the excitement life has denied them. Sometimes their husbands are dead, leaving useful fortunes, or they cannot travel with them because they are too busy making the fortunes. Such ladies are so grateful for a little attention, perhaps love, and count not the price of a necklace or diamond brooch.'

Even when the husband was there he more often than not wanted only to get away to the gaming tables. George would ask the husband's permission to take the lady for a drive, there followed a caress or two, the suggestion of a supper in his room . . . After supper, with the woman probably slightly drunk, George would turn out the lights, and lead her gently to the bed. And as he tenderly and expertly undressed her, his hands fluttering gently over shoulders and breasts would feel the necklace nestling between them.

'We will place the necklace on this table that it may not be damaged my lovely, passionate one,' he would say. After the love making he would help her to dress once more and then escort her back to her own room, the necklace forgotten on the table. In the morning it could happen that a very embarrassed lady would stop George in the foyer and ask if she had left her pearls in his room. He was regretful, but no. And she could hardly explain the circumstances of her loss to her husband. If, however, it was a major haul, George would have left the hotel long before madame rose from her bed.

In a newspaper interview George once summed up his philosophy of crime: 'I would never rob anybody who could not afford it . . . it is not worth stealing from poor people, not even from well-off people who are free to raise hell. As a matter of fact, it pays only to steal from ambassadors and above.'

MAYFAIR'S MOST EROTIC FILM YET

Starring magnificent Mandy Kuypers in full-colour – the sixth in our series of *Mayfair's* greatest girls on film for home viewing

Mandy Kuypers (right), holds warm memories for all who caught her 5 feet 6 inch, 37–24–36 in the centre of our Vol. 10 No. 6. Mandy came our way via the film *Percy's Progress*, in which she appeared, appropriately, as a beauty queen. Now Mandy strips again, in our sexiest, most erotic film yet. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or constrain Mandy's mind-blowing bottom. Boob-fanciers too will find much to admire as her office misadventures leave Mandy deliciously bare. Magnificent Mandy is available in clear, large-image Super 8mm format and can be yours to enjoy again and again for only £7.75 fully inclusive of all postage and packing, which can't be too bad for a film which, judging from your comments so far, seems destined to become a landmark in arousing home entertainment. Get your order off now and you'll soon be enjoying Mandy at her randiest.

Caroline Dell is again available in Standard 8

Mayfair additionally offers you five other masterpieces of erotic home entertainment. Five full-colour films and five great girls, all of them with that certain extra 'something' that sets them apart. There's cool, swinging blonde Caroline Dell with all the svelte appeal of a young Monroe and Sylvia Bayo, a sultry black temptress with huge breasts and a sizzling sensuality which will arouse all your darkest fantasies. Remember Penny Mallett? She's better-known now as top model Nina Carter, and when you see her in a shiny polythene bikini, you'll know just why we *had* to capture her on film. If uniforms turn you on, you'll love air-hostess Sophie, whose full-breasted, long-legged attractions are revealed when her crisp, starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And finally there's cute, cuddly Victoria Jane – soft and warm with velvet eyes and dark flowing hair. She's all yours, along with Caroline, Sylvia, Penny, and Sophie in our outstanding 8mm colour format for just £7.75 each. Great value for five really great girls.

Mayfair Film Society, 95A Chancery Lane, WC2.

Please send Mandy Kuypers/hostess Sophie (Super 8 *only*)/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/ Penny Mallett/Victoria Jane film(s) in Super/ Standard 8mm colour format. (Please delete whichever does not apply) I enclose a cheque/postal order for £.................................

Please note that *Mayfair* films are £7.75 each. All films are attractively packaged and despatched to you under plain cover.

Name ....

Address ....

....

....

.... Date M127

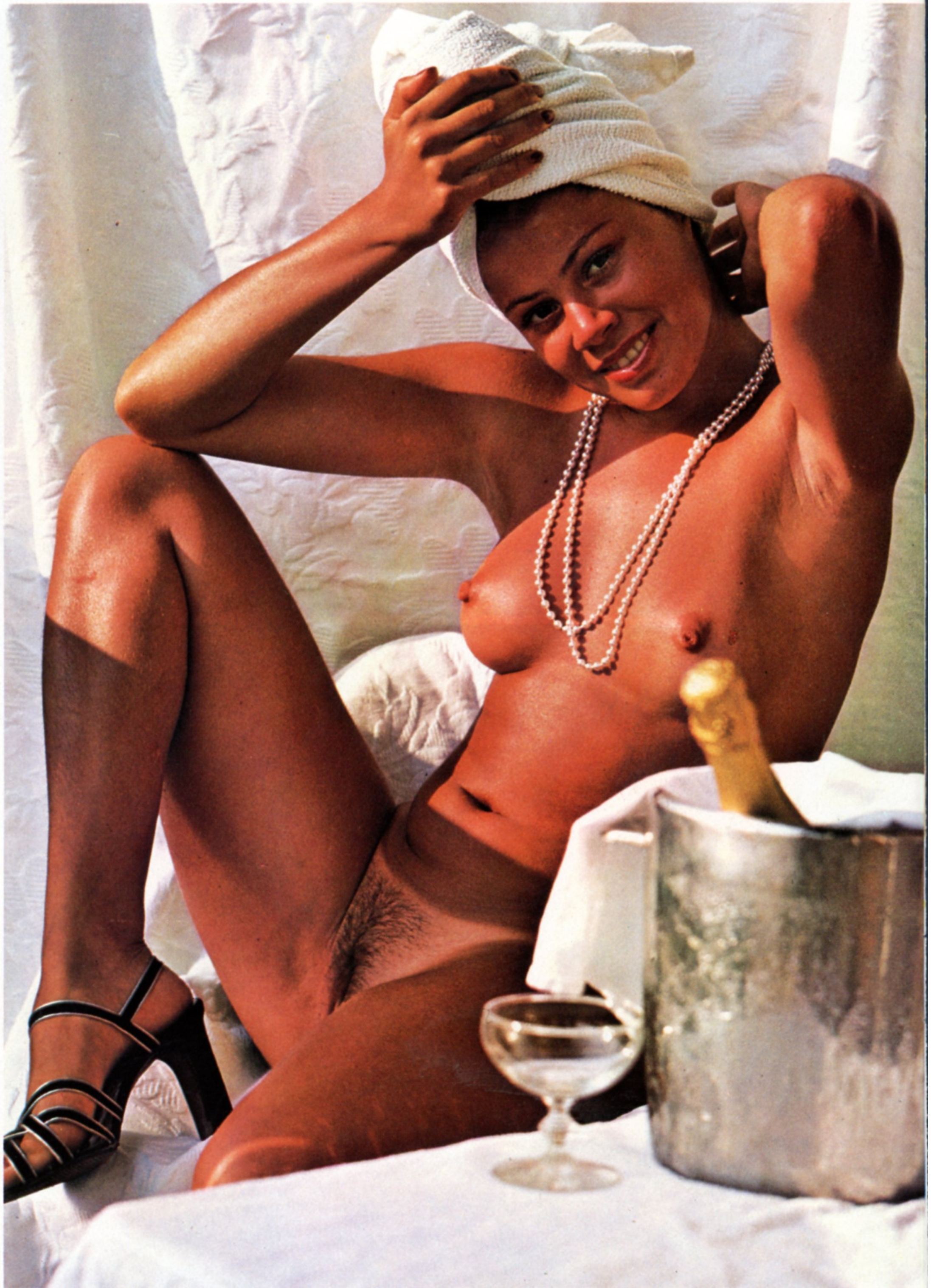
If you don't want to cut your magazine, just send us your order printed in capitals on a sheet of paper, remembering to specify which film and format you want. Reg. London 875169.

KICKI

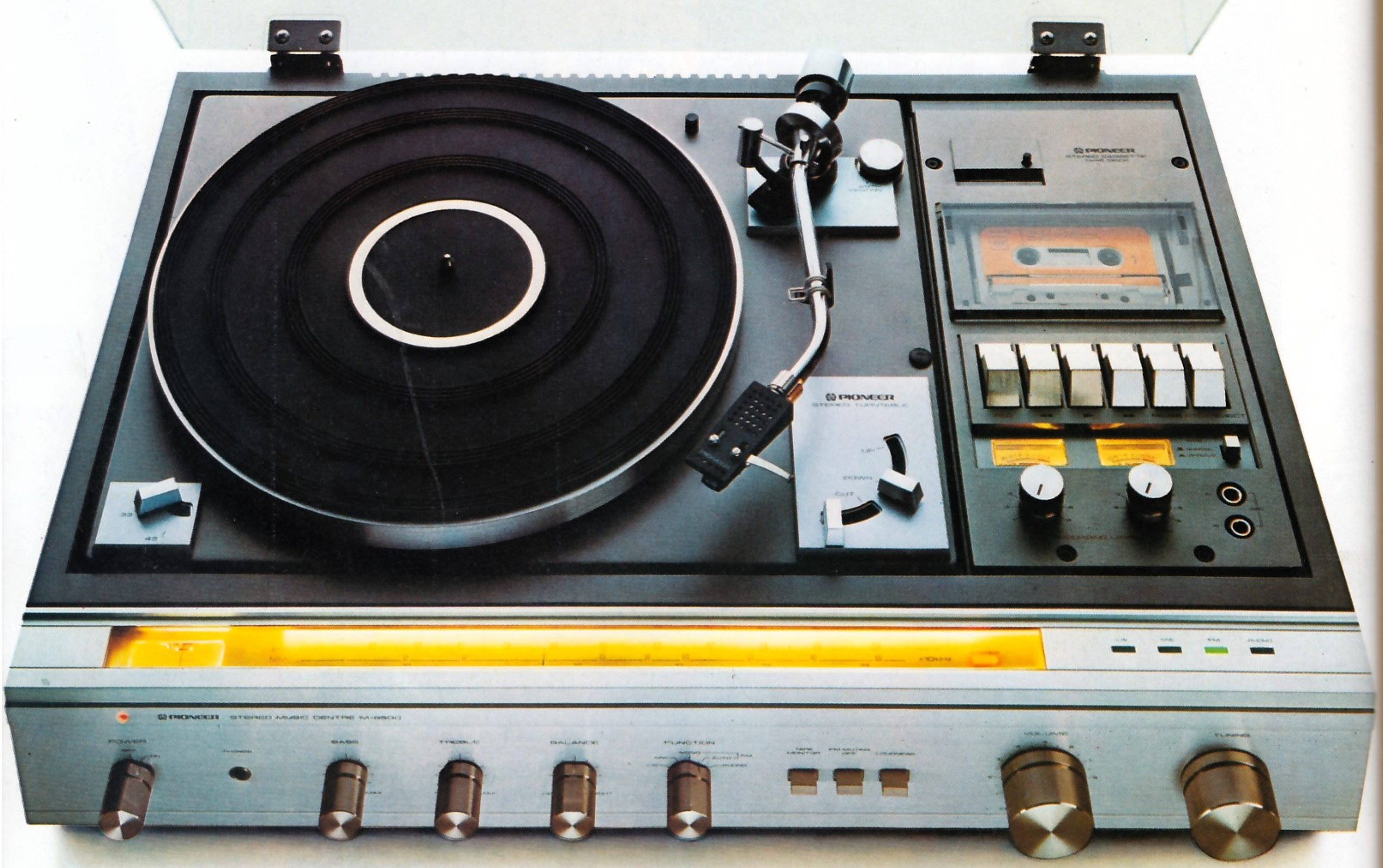
PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTER HIRSCH

Each post that arrives up at our London offices always seems to contain photographs shot by some aspiring lensman of his wife or girlfriend for possible inclusion in the magazine. One such photographer is Walter Hirsch whose 20-year-old girlfriend Kicki Gaines graces the next half-a-dozen pages. Walter's an emigré Russian, now based in Stockholm, who shoots everything from fashion and advertising spreads to film stills and of course glamour work. Kicki's a social worker, living and working in the heart of Stockholm. The lynx-eyed amongst you will have spotted already that

Gaines isn't a particularly nordic name. Short for Gainesson? No, the explanation's simpler. Kicki has an American father. As a stripling youth of 15, Kicki gained, no pun intended, a great deal of notoriety in Sweden when she wrote a book entitled 'Outclassed'. She was still at school at the time, and the book was an earthy and explicit look at schoolgirl sex. It created quite a furore even amongst a people renowned for their sexual tolerance and Kicki's new book, which she's working on at present, is awaited with no small interest. Away from work, Kicki's a sun-and-sea devotee; these pictures show her 35–23–35 getting an all over tan on the island of Cos, just off the Turkish coast and near Rhodes, the island of Apollo.



The Pioneer music centre.



What the hi-fi experts say.	What they actually mean.
"With the advent of the Pioneer M 6500 we have an integrated audio system that adds up to no-compromise hi-fi."	"It's a hi-fi system all in one box."
"The quality of the various components i.e. the belt-driven turntable, cassette deck 3-band tuner/amp, is equal to that of Pioneer's separate units, so respected in the hi-fi enthusiast's opinion."	"The turntable, cassette deck and tuner/amp are made to Pioneer's exacting specifications."
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"It's altogether a superb piece of equipment."	"It's altogether a superb piece of equipment."

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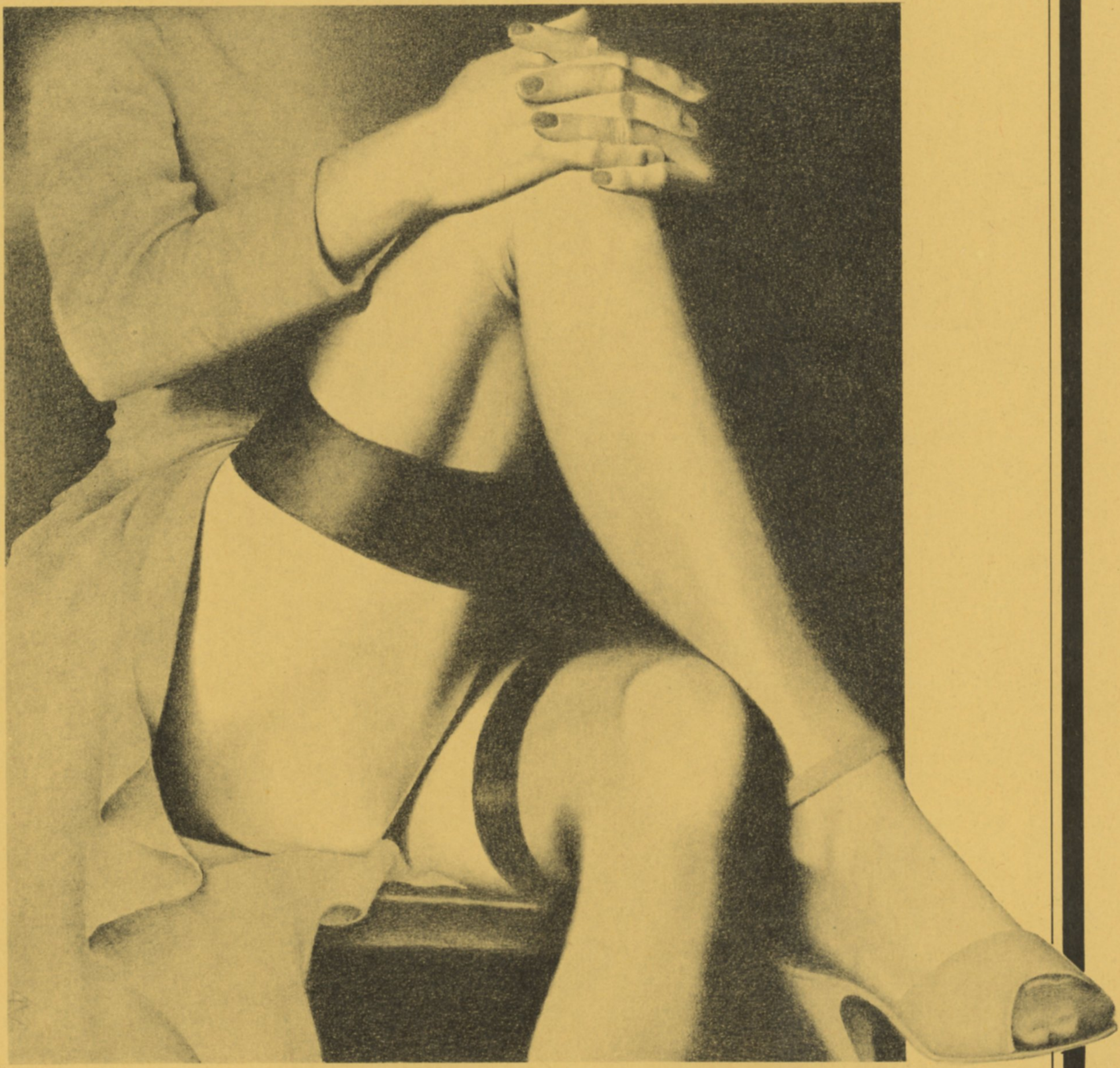

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Nine

Uniforms often play an important role in erotic fantasies, and schoolgirl uniforms, perhaps evoking memories of first sexual experiences, are undoubtedly a more potent source of arousal than most. This month Quest examines the 'excuse factors' that can transform these fantasies from a mere mental image into strong reality.

Quest: So what was Ricky's reaction to your description of yourself in stockings and suspenders?

Student: Well it was obvious that he was getting quite excited. We were sitting side-by-side on this sort of banquette thing.

Quest: You mentioned earlier that you used to masturbate boys at school. Had you done this with Ricky?

Student: I hadn't, no. I was more keen on the real thing. I fancied Ricky and I realised that we'd probably end up in bed together, so it seemed a shame to indulge in something which is a bit sordid when by waiting a bit you can have something much better.

Quest: At the time of this restaurant incident, did you have any idea that that night was going to be *the* night?

Student: What, for having it away? Yes, I probably did. Well the setting was right for it, wasn't it? And all that talk about me as a schoolgirl had made him so fruity that it would've been a bit mean to turn him down. When we got outside, he couldn't wait to get back home fast enough. He's in digs, but he's got this very understanding landlady. I hadn't moved into my place then and I was in a real dump at that time. I wouldn't have wanted to bring anyone back, even if I'd been able to. It was too nasty. We got back to his place and he put some coffee on. It was just a glorified bedsit really, quite big with a little alcove for one of those Baby Belling cookers and a sink. The bathroom and loo were down the hall. I was on the bed because there wasn't anywhere else to sit. Quite crafty that was. Ricky came and sat beside me and put his arm round me, pulling my mouth towards his. We just fell slowly back on the bed with him kissing me.

Quest: Were you prepared for sex to take place?

Student: Oh yes, definitely. I was looking forward to it. He had his hand on my thigh and said 'Where's the stockings and suspenders then?' He seemed a bit surprised that I didn't have any on. So I said that I wasn't in my full school uniform and that even schoolgirls wanted to dress like big girls sometimes. I had tights on, you see. By this time his hand had nearly reached home base, and as I said earlier I don't really like being touched there, it makes me feel a bit uneasy. So I pulled it away, only gently, but away nonetheless. He seemed put out by this so I placed his hand on my breast and let him stroke that. That I do enjoy. He unbuttoned my blouse and started playing with a nipple – I never wear a bra, if you're my size it hardly seems worth it – making it stand up, then he began on the other one. By this time my blouse was completely undone and I was naked from the waist up so I just slipped out of my skirt and tights and popped into bed.

Quest: But you still had your knickers on.

Student: Yes. I watched Ricky undress. He was terribly butch and hairy. He looked like a walking rug. He had this big soft furry mass of hair all over him. I get quite turned on by that. He lay in bed beside me and was sucking my nipples like a little baby which I thought was quite sweet. This big huge hairy guy happily sucking on a tit. I could feel his thing pressing into me. It seemed awfully big which frightened and excited me at the same time. He eased off my knickers and lay on top of me. He was terribly heavy and I could feel the top of him pressing into me.

Quest: Could you be a bit more specific than that?

Student: Well his, I don't know, what do you call the top of your penis, anyway, apart from knob? That's a horrible word. Glans? I don't know, it was pressing my sex lips apart anyway. I was wet. I knew I would be. I took hold of him and guided it in. It made me gasp. I mean you hear all these stories about men being well-endowed but Ricky's enormous. I was just like a doll in his arms. Compared to him the other two were just a joke. I'd never known anything like it. I had a wonderful orgasm.

Quest: And there have, presumably, been many other bouts of sexual activity?

Student: You bet, even with me in my old grammar school outfit. I'm on the pill now, so it's OK.

Quest: Go on.

Student: He asked me to give him a special thrill by getting myself up just like I did at school, so I dressed up for him one night with the full regalia. I didn't wear stockings and suspenders though. I mean they're a bit tarty aren't they? I wore knee-socks instead.

Quest: And navy-blue knickers?

Student: Honestly, you're as bad as he is. What is so sexy about navy-blue knickers anyway? I'd have thought see-through ones were much sexier. Men are funny sometimes. As it happens I did put on a pair of my old games knickers. I felt terribly self-conscious. I looked about fifteen. I went round to his place terribly furtively in case anyone saw me as I'd have died of embarrassment if anyone had. When I was in his room I just pirouetted around and said 'What do you think of this, then?'

Quest: And what did he think?

Student: It was amazing. He wouldn't let me take anything off. He had sex with me fully dressed. He hadn't any clothes on, but he practically raped me. In the nicest possible way though, he wasn't rough or anything like that. He just pulled my knickers down to my knees so I could open my legs a little bit in order for him to get in. He was so turned on it made me turned on. I'd never had that kind of reaction from anyone before. I even let him touch me. I didn't care what he did. He could have done anything he wanted to me, I wouldn't have minded. I didn't even mind taking him in my mouth. I'd never done oral sex before, but I didn't mind doing it then. He's got this mirror on his wardrobe and I caught sight of myself in it, knickers down by my knees, skirt up around my waist, bare bottom, and sucking his whatnot.

Quest: It would sound less coy if you

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talked about his cock or his prick instead of his whatnot.

Student: You're embarrassing me now.

Quest: Sorry, that's not my intention. Please carry on.

Student: I was just saying how odd it looked seeing myself sucking his . . . alright, cock. It was so, I don't know, *sexy*. Do you know what I mean? I even shifted round a bit so's I could get a better look. I was a bit worried in case he came in my mouth, but he said he wouldn't. I wanted him inside me anyway, so I rolled over on my back and pulled him on top of me. It felt so good, that lovely big fat thing of his filling me up. It didn't take him long to come. I guess he was feeling just about ready when I was tonguing him.

Quest: And has your sex-life made use of your school uniform since?

Student: Yes, a few times. I'm not sure it's entirely normal, but we both get such a kick out of it that I couldn't really care less. My flatmate says that Ricky secretly wants to have it off with proper schoolgirls, but I think that's rubbish. I think it's just a fantasy and as long as it doesn't get out of hand then it's OK.

Quest: Thanks very much.

Two **Check-out assistant, 38 years old, brunette, town of origin Ilford**

This interviewee had left school when she was fifteen and had had a number of jobs in the interceding years. She was married but had no children. For the past few years she had been a housewife, but now worked in a supermarket in her present neighbourhood, three days a week.

Quest: Have you always dressed so young?

Check-out assistant: I took stock of myself recently and realised that I was getting on. John, that's my husband, was, I thought, getting too interested in other women; perhaps I was a bit paranoid. Oh sure, I imagine that he's had a few flings along the way and so have I, but for me there came a time when one day I was looking at myself in the mirror and noticing the lines on my face, so I took off all my clothes and had a close inspection of myself – in the mirror – and it dawned on me that I was thirty-six and that unless I tried in some way to make myself look younger then I might lose John.

Quest: I hardly think so . . . it happens to all of us you know.

Check-out assistant: Look at it from his point of view – men get more handsome as they get older, women decline – when he comes home at night he doesn't want to make love to a woman pushing forty when he sees himself as still reaching his peak. So, I decided that I would try to do something about it.

Quest: Masking it?

Check-out assistant: Well, that's better than nothing, isn't it?

Quest: And were things better?

Check-out assistant: I didn't do it all at once, not like dress up like a silly schoolgirl in plaits and sucking a lolly-pop. I bought a nice blue dress and a white blouse and a blue jumper and a pair of socks, and wore them individually for a time to get him used to them. And then, one night I put the whole lot on and did my hair differently and put on a lot of make-up.

Quest: Was he impressed?

Check-out assistant: He was at first – that initial reaction – because the skirt is pretty but quite short, and I suppose the overall look took him a bit by surprise.

Quest: Did it lead to sex?

Check-out assistant: Oh yes, John became ever so excited seeing me like that . . . I teased him somewhat awful during the night, bending over to show myself off.

Quest: Were you wearing knickers?

Check-out assistant: Of course, at that time I was. But the evening went progressively and we finished off on the living room floor, with the curtains drawn. . .

Quest: Go on.

Check-out assistant: We were kissing and I was touching his leg and he grabbed my hand and dragged it over the bulge in his trousers. It was so hard and thick, I could feel it, big, like it used to be when we were first married and I had to have it, to feel my hands round it and to squeeze it. I undid the zip and eased his trousers down over his bottom and then pulled his undies down so that I could see it. Beautiful it was, and I just couldn't resist from going down on it and taking him in my mouth and feeling all that warmth. And John was so excited and tearing at my panties and I had a mouthful of him and was trying my best to help him so he could use his tongue on me. I nearly exploded when I felt his hot breath on me there.

Quest: You didn't usually indulge in oral sex?

Check-out assistant: We used to, but hadn't for a year or so but after Billy I wanted to taste my man and for him to bring me off with his tongue.

Quest: Billy? Who was Billy?

Check-out assistant: Remember, I told you about him earlier. He picked me up in a self-service restaurant.

Quest: You had an affair with him?

Check-out assistant: Yes.

Quest: Tell me about him later, what was the outcome of that night with your husband?

Check-out assistant: The outcome. That time with Billy brought it all back, how beautiful and exciting oral sex could be, to feel your man come in such a beautiful way. John reached orgasm very very quickly and came ever so powerfully like a monitor on a North Sea fireboat. And it didn't take long for me to reach orgasm too. Oh it's so mind-boggling when a man darts his tongue into my vagina.

Quest: It was good sex?

Check-out assistant: I'd say. After that, we went on to make love proper, and John was able to perform again very satisfactory like, although he didn't come nearly as strongly as he did before.

Quest: Tell me how you met Billy now.

Check-out assistant: Terribly stupid really. I mean, he picked me up.

Quest: How were you dressed at the time?

Check-out assistant: I was dressed in white socks, a blue skirt, not a mini, but just above the knee, a white blouse and a bra, and a coat over the whole lot.

Quest: How were you chatted-up?

Check-out assistant: I was feeling a bit down and John was away for a week on a business trip down to London so I went into town on a couple of days. On the Wednesday I caught an early train with the intention of doing some shopping and and at about lunch time I went into a little cafeteria-type self-service place to grab a little bite to eat. I was sitting at a table when a man, quite good looking, came up and asked if there was anyone sitting opposite. I said there wasn't and he sat himself down. I don't really remember what he said but he made some comments about the food, and of course it was pretty bad and so I agreed with him . . . and it just went on from there. He said that he'd noticed me in the queue and thought that I was very pretty. He kept asking me how old I was? You know, this all sounds so silly now when I tell it but it was like that . . . we just got into conversation. He asked if I worked around here and I told him that I was from outside town and that I'd come in for the day. He asked if I worked and I told him I didn't and then he said that my husband must be well off, which he isn't, and discovered that I was married but that my husband was away.

Quest: Did he proposition you?

Check-out assistant: He asked if I'd go and have a drink with him which I did. We talked till closing time and then he asked if I'd go to the pictures with him. I said no, that I had to be getting back but I agreed to meet him the following day.

Quest: Had you thought about sex?

Check-out assistant: No, not seriously. I suppose, though, that it had crossed my mind. But I was prepared to end it if anything had shown signs of developing.

Quest: And what of the following day?

Check-out assistant: I was a bit late in meeting him and I thought for a minute or two, when I got there and couldn't see him, that he'd got tired of waiting. But I saw him come out of the gents and I went over to him. We didn't go anywhere in particular. He plied me with a few drinks and then we went for a walk. He asked me to come back to his flat but I said no, that it had been nice seeing him, but that I was married. He said that that shouldn't make any difference, and that I was so sexy, the way I dressed, and that made him hunger for me . . .

Quest: Please continue.

Check-out assistant: It was then that I realised for the first time that I was going to have intercourse with him, and that there was very little I could do to stop it. He asked me back to his place again – he lived alone – and I found myself, to my own disbelief, saying that I'd go. I mean it was so silly, he could have been a rapist or anything, I didn't know anything about him, I was acting like a seventeen year old girl. And then he suggested that as his place was a way out, that we could go to mine, but I wasn't having that, so I agreed to go with him. We arrived there at about

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Impotence-Doctors Report

In recent years statistics have shown an alarming increase in the number of men *of all ages* who admit to the depressing prospect that they are partially or totally impotent (in other words they are unable to obtain or maintain a full penile erection). In our present society loss of sexual capacity can and does strike men of all ages.

In the past there was little that could be done to relieve this frightening condition. Many sufferers in desperation were forced to resort to unorthodox *quack* cures which proved scientifically ineffective. However doctors now report that there is a simple and effective way for men to regain their potency, which has been subjected successfully to modern scientific tests (writes a Medical Correspondent).

Stress and strain

Many reasons have been put forward to explain the condition known as partial impotence. Stress, tension and modern pressures all undoubtedly have an effect on sexual performance. Too little exercise, too much alcohol, too many cigarettes – all contribute to lowering the overall efficiency of the body and so help impotence to gain a hold.

Once it does, many men try to put the idea to the back of their minds, or to pretend that it is 'normal' at their age. Ashamed of what their friends might say if they knew, too embarrassed to seek medical advice, they hope it is just a passing phase, something that will somehow, given time, right itself. But all too often a psychological block sets in, and rather than get better the condition gets worse.

Eventually the sufferer comes to convince himself that the inability to get an erection – or at best to get only a partial one – is something that has to be accepted and lived with. However the idea that any healthy man must put up with reduced sexual vigour and loss of erectile capacity is simply not true.

New findings

Recent medical investigations have shown that an aid called the Blakoe Energising Ring can restore full capacity and greatly increase rigidity of erection in men with impotence problems.

The Ring is worn around the penis and scrotum and by generating a minute electrical current produces an energising effect on the sexual organ, improving blood flow through the genitals and enhancing erectile capacity.

Reports in medical journals

Results of medical investigations into the Blakoe Energising Ring have already led to publication of reports in medical journals testifying to its efficiency under medically observed conditions.

A report in "Medical Digest" by a General Practitioner describes the successful treatment of patients with the Blakoe Energising Ring with very encouraging results. Consider the three examples which he quotes.

One patient was a fit and active 60-year old who found that after wearing the Blakoe Energising Ring for only three weeks his erections had become 40 to 50 per cent more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3 to 4 per month to 8 per month. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Enthusiastic wife

A second patient, himself a doctor, complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help, but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In ten days

A third patient – a man of 59 – found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the correct sized Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within ten days.

Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

A specialist's report

Writing in the British Journal of Psychiatry and the medical publication "On Call", a specialist with a particular interest in sexual difficulties reported trials of the Blakoe Energising Ring in thirty men suffering from impotence. Many of them had undergone previous treatment – including hormones – without benefit.

These patients with an average age of 35 took part in specially designed controlled clinical trials. Assessment of the result was made using a sexual rating scale (usually used for drugs). At the end of the trials the doctor declared that the Blakoe Energising Ring had a statistically significant effect in overcoming impotence. In lay terms this means that the device could be considered a medically acceptable treatment for impotence.

Robert Chartham: Impressive results

Dr. Robert Chartham, PhD., the world-renowned expert on sexual problems, tested the Blakoe Energising Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence which he was treating. In his report he states: 'In my view the energising properties are remarkable, and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men, it is a boon. Nowadays I would not dream of having a day in London, or undertaking an unusually heavy physical task without wearing mine'.

Five of the men he treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the Ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the Ring.

Dr. Chartham also maintained that the electrical effect was an important aspect of the Energiser.

In addition to these Doctors' reports, readers will find the following testimonials interesting, thousands of which have been received during the 45 years that the Blakoe Energising Ring has been available.

. . . I must say the energising ring is fantastic. I find it comfortable to wear, and it really does work . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser' it makes one ready at a moment's notice . . . *From a Physician M.B., Ch.B.*

. . . Three weeks ago I received an energiser . . . I am absolutely thrilled at the effects produced by it in so short a time, both in respect of my Urinary system, general well-being and of erection, which, from being almost non-existent is now firm and strong, with intercourse resumed after many months of enforced abstinence . . . *Mr. V. Scotland*

I have been wearing the Energiser . . . also noticed a decided benefit and improvement. I have just celebrated my 70th birthday and regret that I did not know of this discovery 20 years ago . . . *Mr. C Italy*

. . . I purchased 3 weeks ago a Blakoe Energising Ring and I just had to write this letter of appreciation to you to express my thanks for such a marvellous appliance. I wear it always and I do not know I have it on due to the comfort, but I certainly know I have it on for the results it gives . . . *Mr. B. Manchester*

. . . As far as I am concerned the results have been extraordinary. For nearly two years I had been, with highly qualified medical advice, taking various drugs, injections, etc. in an attempt to cure my near impotence. The effect, if any, was not to me noticeable. In some desperation I ordered your ring and the results were immediate, to my great astonishment and pleasure. *Mr. W. Wilts.*

. . . I was very impressed in the energising ring, I have had one for 2 years and have found it really marvellous, in fact it is everything your claims say it is . . . *Mr. D. Ches.*

. . . I purchased one of your energising rings about two weeks ago with I may say, sir, fantastic results. It's like a new world to me now as I have been impotent nearly twenty years and had almost given up hope . . . I will surely recommend it to anyone in the same position. *Mr. D. Southend.*

The Blakoe Energising Ring is made from lightweight hygienic material containing galvanic inserts which give it electrical energy. No batteries are required. The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes. Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows: Take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles and underneath the neck of the testicle bag. Draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both the penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurement, send the lowest obtained – in the event of an incorrect fitting Ring being supplied we will always make an exchange – no man can ever end up with an incorrectly fitting Ring.

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three in the afternoon and he pulled out a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses and put some romantic music on his stereo. It was a bit silly in reality because we both knew then that it was sex we were wanting – oh, but it was all right, I am on the pill. Then he said that he would help me off with my coat. And when I stood up to take it off, he nearly burst a gasket – I suppose that the day before, he hadn't seen much of me, I had my coat on all the time – for I was again dressed in knee socks, a blue skirt and a blue blouse and, of course, blue knickers. He seemed to be really excited with me, he said that he'd read about dirty old men getting women to dress up like schoolgirls but that I was a dream come true. We sat on the sofa pretending to listen to the music and he was saying things like 'Corr' and how young and sexy I looked. And we just started kissing. His hands went round me and as he was quite big and I'm quite small, I felt completely engulfed by him – all muscular and manly and he had a slight sweaty smell about him, one that I've not noticed with John. His hands then went for my breasts and he started fondling them, kneading them, and his tongue was half way down my throat and I was burning, all over. My ears felt as though they were about to catch light, and I could sense the blood pounding through me and my heart beating faster and faster. He started pushing his hand into the top of my thigh, trying to pull down my briefs.

Quest: Don't stop.

He eased them over my bottom and then moved his hands back up and undid my bra . . . I always wear one of those front opening ones now, not for any special sex reason, just that they leave a smooth back outline under tight-fitting tops and things. It was beautiful feeling his hands on my nipples, just brushing them, and they were instantly erect. He buried his head between my breasts and pulled them with his hands so they rubbed his cheeks. I wanted to stop him but every time I made a move to, he would fill my mouth again with his tongue. By this time I was half on top of him and I started rubbing his thighs and gradually making my way to the bulge in his trousers. I undid the zip and took his penis out and squeezed it. He started pushing his hips up at me and at the same time he put his hand on my head and pushed me down towards it. I ever so gently took him in my mouth and gently squeezed his penis while he arched up towards me, driving more of him into my mouth. He started getting excited, pushing up more forcefully and then put his hands on my head and told me to stop, that he was too close to orgasm to stop if I went any further. I moved up to him and kissed him hard, bringing my tongue into his mouth which I don't think he liked very much, and then he was tugging at my panties, trying to get them all the way off. I opened my legs wide for him and I remember the excitement when his hand just brushed over my vagina. It wasn't that his technique was much different from my husband's, just, I suppose, that it was forbidden and thus made it exciting. Then he worked his fingers inside my lips, making me gasp a little and then pulling them out, running them along, just brushing over my clitoris, gently building me up. I made a move towards his prick again – I wanted him to come in my mouth, but he stopped me and said that he wanted to make love, not to get a blow-job.

Quest: Very indelicate way of putting it, wasn't it?

Check-out assistant: No, he didn't actually say those words. But that was the message. I wanted it so badly then and I rolled over and pulled him on top of me, and begged him to do it to me. It was such an experience, loosing all coordination as he filled me and pulled back, faster and faster, till he was saying, 'I'm coming, I'm coming, Christ I'm coming', and then he was all rigid and I could feel him and that's when I went myself.

Quest: Did you see him again?

Check-out assistant: No, never. I left an hour or so later and went home.

Quest: You've kept saying how young you felt throughout the interview. Did you tell Billy how old you were?

Check-out assistant: No, but after we'd made love he said that it was one of the best screws he'd had, and implied that he thought I was much younger than I was.

Quest: How so?

Check-out assistant: Silly, he said something like that he wondered if I would still be dressing like a schoolgirl when I was thirty, or something like that.

Quest: You never let on?

Check-out assistant: No.

Quest: Don't you think that it could be said that you make yourself look cheap if you try to dress younger than you are?

Check-out assistant: It doesn't bother me. The only people who seem concerned are the neighbours, they giggle to themselves, I bet, but I don't care. I'm me, perhaps I will act my age in the future. Yes, I suppose I'll have to soon, it'll be silly when I'm fifty, won't it?

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Teacher, 23 years old, town of origin Bradford**

This – male – interviewee attended a teacher training college in the south of England before working at a private boarding school. He now taught in a large northern comprehensive.

Quest: You seem to have chosen an ideal job for your particular predilection.

Teacher: Thank you! I'd last about a week in my present job if that got out. I'm not a schoolgirl fetishist. I admit I get the odd pang over an occasional pair of fifth or sixth form tights – they have to wear the dark sort here – but, believe me, the great mass of un-made-up femininity you get around here isn't worth a wicked thought. A girl would have to be pretty startling to overcome our rules.

Quest: But school uniform seems to have figured quite largely in your sexual experience?

Teacher: Pure coincidence. It just happened that fairly important experiences involved uniforms of some kind. Somehow important things like that stick in your mind.

Quest: Tell me about the first uniform experience.

Teacher: A girl I knew in my sixth form. Stephanie – very posh for where I come from; we were both in the sixth form, trying for university. She got it, I didn't. End of romance. We were engaged.

Quest: It was a serious relationship?

Teacher: It seemed massively important at the time, but then it always does. She was the first girl I made love to, properly I mean. I'd had a couple of girlfriends before and petted it a bit, but not seriously. Took romance to make me bare me cock. Yes, I know, unnecessary. Stephanie was transferred to my sixth form when we were both seventeen and we started petting quite heavily fairly early on, decided it was love and built up to the great event.

Quest: She was a virgin?

Teacher: As far as I could tell, yes. I mean, I wanted to like mad, but I was too shy and awkward to push her; she was nervous and we had these ridiculous arguments about my reputation –

Quest: For what?

Teacher: Not for what, for which? You see, I had in fact displayed my organ to my contemporaries in the showers, unavoidably of course, and I was supposed to be extremely well hung. It was a joke, of course. Some men are as proud, as it were, on the slack as they are when erect. But to those who start small it looks as if I'm going to expand in the same proportion – which I don't – so their little minds boggle. That sort of thing gets round a mixed upper school and romantic young ladies tend to assume the worst. It was six months before Stephanie and I got down to it?

Quest: How was that?

Teacher: Very prosaically. We were due to go out that weekend and I'd borrowed a car and planned all sorts of dirty deeds, so my mind was on that when I met her after school one day and walked her home. She asked me in for tea and I was halfway through it before I twigged her parents weren't coming home that night.

Quest: You went to bed?

Teacher: Oh, eventually. About ten thirty. We started on the carpet, half in, half out of our uniforms; I laddered her tights. It wasn't very gainly and I think I hurt her a bit but it was the big moment. I remember seeing her breasts for the first time, peeping out of her blouse under a rucked-up woolly pulley. I didn't see anything else. I didn't have the nerve to tell her to lift up her skirt and let me have a peep. But it was better later, undressed, in bed.

Quest: When did uniforms figure next?

Teacher: At my first school, teaching permanently. I couldn't get into the state system, not where I wanted, so I picked a fairly obscure private boarding school. Actually it wasn't a bad place, but it did boast some weirdoes.

Quest: Like who?

Teacher: Oh, ancient majors who were supposed to know about gymnastics and taught the kids unarmed combat – it was mixed but there were very few girls. And

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A NEW BREAKTHROUGH

There has never been, until now, anyone of repute willing and able to undertake a serious investigation into the possibility of increasing the size of the penis. The medical profession has always scoffed at both the desirability and the possibility of achieving this.

The desirability is surely the choice of the individual, while the possibility is obvious, when one thinks about it.

An erection is produced by erotic stimulation, transmitted from the brain via the appropriate nerves, causing the penis to be liberally charged with blood, which in turn causes it to expand and stiffen.

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These are the two most important problems successfully solved by Dr. Robert Chartham, during his lengthy investigations.

THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £12.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

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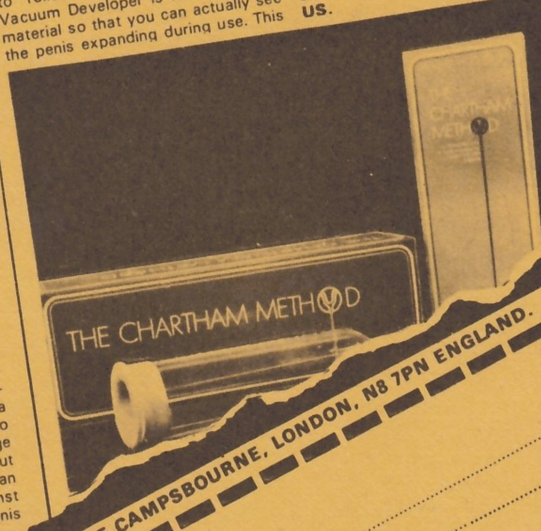

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Caroline. Actually, to look at, she was gorgeous; I thought my luck was in – she had a sort of delayed action sexual appeal – I'm rotten at describing women. You were aware of her as soon as she came into the room but she wasn't fantastically pretty or tarty – you felt there was an awful lot going.

Quest: Was there?

Teacher: Not really, she was married to the deputy head – a very quiet, scholarly type – I couldn't see what they had in common. Funnily enough, I got on very well with him. That's how I moved in with them.

Quest: You shared a house?

Teacher: Not entirely; they'd converted their top floor into a separate flat. I was in digs; they needed a tenant. I thought vaguely it might make it easier for me to get off with her. But she was quite distant.

Quest: But you did develop a relationship?

Teacher: I suppose, very slowly. The only interesting thing happened was when she burst into my living room with a stack of sheets one Saturday and I'd just climbed out the shower. I was dripping all over the carpet, stark naked.

Quest: She rushed out blushing?

Teacher: Hardly. I blurted out something like, 'Oh God, I'm sorry.' She gave me one slow, appraising look, murmured, 'Some men have a lot less than that to be sorry about,' and went out with the faintest smile. Next day she practically ignored me.

Quest: So who made the first move?

Teacher: I'll give you one guess. I wouldn't have done anything, mainly not to hurt Jeremy, her husband, but things just happened. First of all there was some ridiculous argument with our launderers – I was taking gym temporarily and for reasons best known to the head I had to organise the laundering of PT clothing – I got paid extra, but I had no choice. Anyway, for a month, we had no laundry so I asked Caroline to help out – she had an enormous washing machine; I distributed the rest among various other wives. Actually that was typical of the way the place was organised. And then Jerry started a course which took him away three or four evenings a week, and eventually – by the time of the laundry crisis – whole weekends.

Quest: Go on.

Teacher: Firstly, right out the blue one evening, she knocked on my door and asked me to sit with her for a while because Jerry was out. I thought, 'Great; your time has come.' But we just talked, drank coffee, ended up watching television. I left just before Jerry arrived.

Quest: What did you talk about?

Teacher: Would you believe, sex? Very openly, casually. She said she was surprised I hadn't had hordes of young women queueing on my stairs; wanted to know if I had a regular girlfriend.

Quest: And then?

Teacher: Jeremy's longest weekend away – Thursday to Tuesday – coincided with our biggest laundry crisis; so I felt obliged to offer Caroline a hand, which she accepted quite huffily, I thought – I remember thinking, 'Well blow you; if I just wanted to get in your knickers I wouldn't give up a Saturday to wash dirty shorts.' Anyway, as soon as morning classes were finished I went home and helped her out – not that I was an enormous amount of use. But she seemed in a better mood, quite jolly in fact – I don't think I'd ever got on with her better. We stopped for tea and then she started ironing in the living room, while I finished in the kitchen. Then, suddenly, she started giggling and I stuck my head in and she was holding up some fourth former's tennis skirt, and she said: 'My God, you know I think I can still get into something this size. That's not bad is it for a twenty-seven-year-old.' So I said, 'Go on, show us, then,' and she said, 'I think I will,' and started unbuttoning her jeans. At which point I pulled my head back into the kitchen. Two minutes later she was calling, 'Come on in, don't be shy.' So I went back and she'd slipped on the skirt and a white blouse. 'Same as I was at the age of fifteen,' she said, grinning at me; and she did look fantastic – I hadn't realised what fabulous legs she had. Then she said, 'Of course I couldn't manage my bra as well – I always feel a bit odd without it.' And she unbuttoned the blouse with one hand and picked up her bra from the ironing board with the other.

Quest: So you just stared?

Teacher: I gabbled. I mean, you know, a woman can be casual or thoughtless or just a prick-teaser, but when you don't know it's agony. I said, 'Hey, look, Caroline; I'd rather you didn't, with Jerry away.' She just said, 'So Jerry's away,' and moved quite close to me.

Quest: You were standing by the door?

Teacher: Against the wall, by then. She was standing right in front of me, apparently fussing with the ironing board. Then she said, 'Are you going to report me, teacher? Are you going to thrash me with your personal cane?' And as she said it she backed into me, practically winding me, with her bottom sticking right out and butting into my crotch, and then grinding it against me. I just said, 'Caroline!' Honestly, it was like a thirties farce. And she said, 'I don't ask twice.'

Quest: What did you do?

Teacher: Well nature was busy resuming its course by then; a lot more than my resolve was stiffened, and I brought my arms up and round and took hold of her breasts. That pushed up her tennis skirt and I suddenly realised she hadn't a stitch on underneath, just two rosy round cheeks – she had the most gorgeous arse. Her hand came up behind her and started rubbing my erection really fiercely through my trousers. And then she started to turn round, but I clutched her hips and wouldn't let her and she paused and then giggled and arched her head and whispered, 'Oh I like it that way; that's always special.' And her hands began going berserk on my flies. And that was it. I snapped the bra off her breasts and began tweaking the nipples and dipping a hand down under her skirt. Then we practically bounced off the wall, sent the ironing board flying and cannoned into the sofa; she sprawled on her front, while I yanked off my shoes, trousers and pants and smacking her every time she started to turn round, so I could go on gazing at that absolutely gorgeous bum sticking out from under her skirt. All the time she was chuckling and saying, 'Oh, nice; that's so nice,' until her hand found my erection and then she squealed – it sounds terrible, but she did – and started jerking my foreskin up and down so violently I had to pull her hand away. Then, holding her hands down, I very gently rubbed my crotch all over her bottom, while she just mewed and squirmed. And I eased in, very slowly, very gradually – it was so hot and smooth, like velvet and really gripped; I could feel her muscles clenching and unclenching inside – and she arched her back, gasping for air and she kept whispering, 'Oh God, it's too much; you'll hurt me. Oh please, slowly; I can't.' Meanwhile really forcing her bottom down on me, it was me who was stopping her! And then I gave a great lunge and went as far as I could and she screamed and slumped and began trembling all over. It was all I could do to stop exploding where I was. Then she arched her back again and we started humping and snorting, and every other breath from her was, 'Oh Christ, oh God! Please, oh I'm coming, I'm coming!' Then she shivered and collapsed again and nearly took me with her. And after a little while she revived again and tried to twist her head round to me and said, 'Christ, you're still hard. Why haven't you come?' Such a little girl voice; I was incredibly flattered – I mean, I don't normally explode on sight, but I don't last all night either. And off we went humping again, till we were both drenched in sweat and panting like steam engines. And suddenly, just before I thought she was going over the top again, she pulled away from me until I came out with a loud plop, and before I could do anything, she was twisting herself round under me, lifting herself onto the edge of the sofa with her legs spread wide on either side of me and a great pubic thatch staring at me from under her rucked-up skirt. I'd never seen her face more intent. She just grabbed hold of my erection and squeezed it into her crack so that I practically sprawled across her with her breasts pressed right against me. Then she started jerking her thighs up and down, which started me humping again, and she was staring at me through half-closed eyes and panting, 'Come on, come on. Cream me, fill me with your cream. Cream me!' And the sight of her there, naked, on the tip of another orgasm was just too much; I groaned and burst and she squealed and clutched me and we both collapsed.

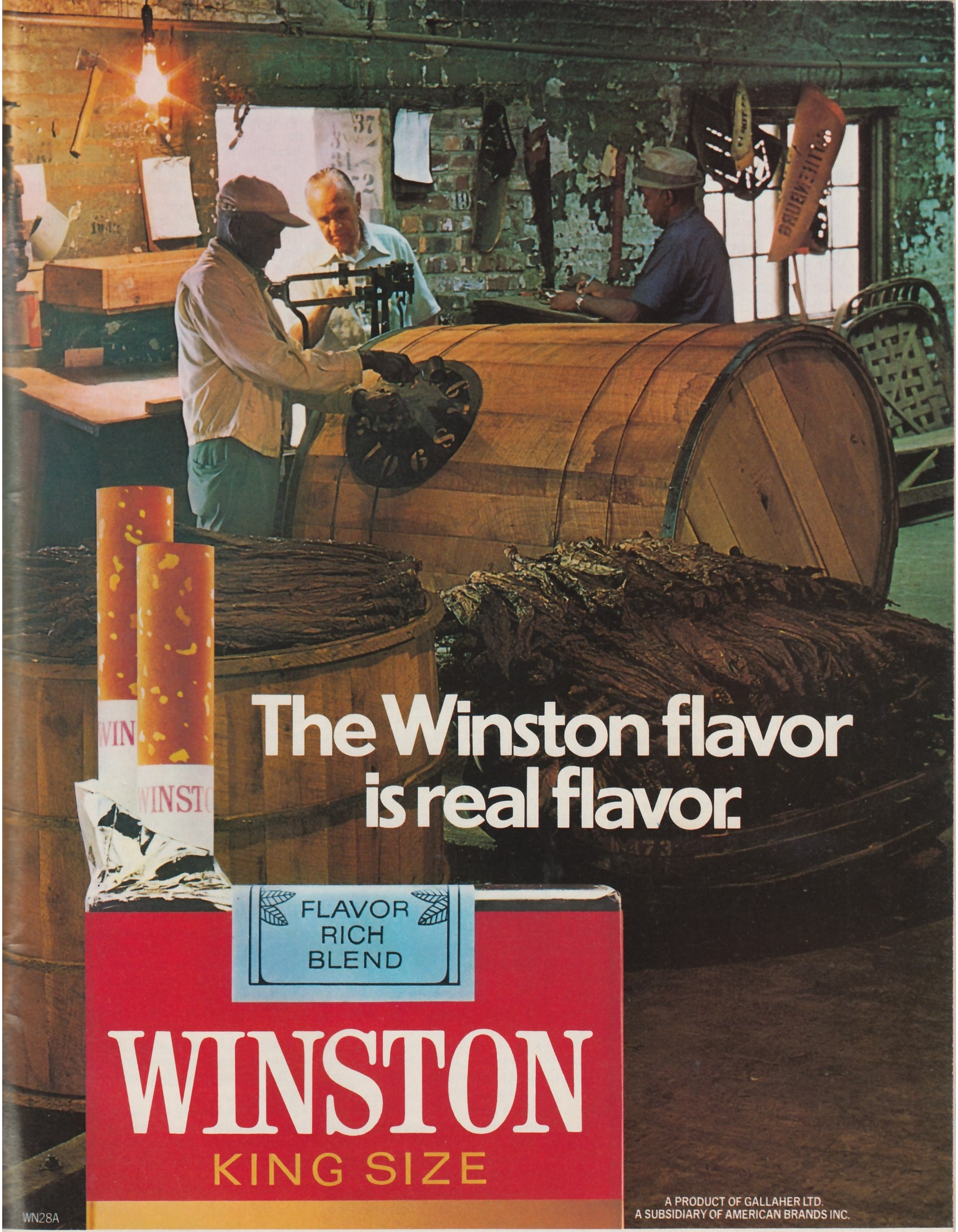
Quest: And the relationship continued?

Teacher: That weekend, yes. Not after Jeremy got back. She was a lot colder then and I knew I didn't have any right to insist. I left the job six weeks later.

Quest: Immune from school uniforms?

Teacher: They haven't been necessary since.

Quest: Thank you.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Love in the Blitz

continued from page 35

respond to his, I whispered, 'Bite me' in his ear and immediately his gentle teeth began to tug at my fully extended nipple as though it were the beak of a bird pulling at a worm. After a few minutes, I pushed his hand between my legs. It didn't take him long to know what to do and, almost before I knew what had happened, my feet were stretched out and my toes were latched between the wire of the Morrison leaving myself open to his view.

He had a firm erection but I guessed he would come before he got near me, so I quickly guided him into me. He shuddered at the velvety warmth, seemed to linger quietly inside for a moment until to my amazement, he began to thrust very gently as if he were on a rocking-horse and his legs were straddled around me. I let him have his way, prompting him as best I could before he finally came in a great burst of enthusiasm. When it was over, he seemed embarrassed.

The All Clear rang out almost at once and it was as though our sex scene had been timed by that night's bombing raid. I dozed as he dressed and after he'd let himself out, got up and made some tea. I was exhausted, not through having an orgasm, because I had not, but through steering a virgin into the joys of sex. So I remained in the Morrison that night, in the safe and rather exciting knowledge that I'd made love there only hours before.

With Mr Chamberlain safely out of the government, I grew fond of hearing Churchill on the radio. His voice commanded the nation. He knew what we needed and he gave us the strength to go on. Whenever he broadcast when I was in the pub everyone would stop and listen to his fighting words and cheer his avid determination to get the Huns on the run.

With rationing so strict, most women with children would do almost anything to get an extra ration of butter, meat, jam or, of course, sweets. Men in uniform, and especially sailors who had perhaps been to America, had chocolate to offer and many a girl's favours were a rich recompense for a bar of chocolate. Lovely Lily, who lived next door, did her share of voluntary work for the army and despite the fact that this included taking in a number of very hungry soldiers, dear young Lily was well compensated for it.

Parties in those days always went with a swing and often ended in an orgy. I remember one cold December evening when Lily and I had been escorted home by a number of sailors – five to be exact. They were all spartan young lads with tattooed arms and a keen sense of humour. They were out for a good time, having just run the Atlantic gauntlet. Lily suggested we had a party and the boys readily agreed. Perhaps I should mention that men were not as possessive during those years about their women as they are today. They didn't get upset if they knew their mate had been with you; in fact, if anything, it was a recommendation.

That particular evening I'd managed to get a bottle of gin, and I had some lime in the store cupboard. The seven of us soon soaked that up, only to discover that Tweedy had a bottle of Scotch hidden in his kitbag. I was chosen to persuade him to get it out and when, all in good fun, I lured him into the sitting room and started to seduce him, he became a willing victim to the onslaught and not once did he complain.

Tweedy was a good looking young lad of twenty-one, who came from Hull. I fell for his northern accent and the way his hair was smoothed down with Brylcreem, his centre parting as sharp as a razor.

Sailors are supposed to be able to get out of their trousers pretty quickly and Tweedy was no exception. He had them off in seconds, his gangly body working towards me as he slid his top off. My excited fingers ran through the sparse desertland of hairs sprinkled on his chest, pulling and twirling them as my body jolted into action. When we fell to the carpet and started caressing each other, the jollifications in the next room seemed to fade into the distance. All we could think of was that the lights were out and we were safely ensconsed in one another's arms.

Tweedy proved to be an excellent lover who tore away the shreds of my inhibitions, and who pushed his face between my legs as though he were doing the breast stroke and his mouth and face were submerged in water instead of love juice. When he had had his fill, he stroked his face against the side of my leg, then did a quick about-turn and pressed his other part deep into my sex. As our spasms subsided, we suddenly stopped what we were doing as we heard the drone of planes going over. You could always tell whether they were ours or theirs by the engine note. This time we knew they were our bombers going out across the channel to bring devastation to the cities of Germany. We listened for a while as if giving our own one minute silence to their safe return.

Tweedy was the first to get dressed. I decided to run upstairs with my things, have a quick wash, retitivate myself and then return to the party with the bottle of Scotch. Tweedy followed and we were both extremely surprised when we opened the door. Lily was sprawled across a chair, naked, her legs wide open and her bush of pubic hair prominent as her four companions busily stroked every part of her. One of the sailors was obviously very excited. His bell bottoms looked as if they had three legs in them instead of two.

Tweedy and I giggled as we listened to her moans of enjoyment, watching her perform on that old armchair, her body twisting and turning.

I don't think she had an orgasm; somehow Lily wasn't the type. She was more content to do her own thing and accommodate anyone who wanted it. She was a real sexy trouper.

The boys in blue left a couple of hours later. We don't know where they went but assumed they had to join their ship. Heaven knows what happened to them. Perhaps they sank with their vessel or maybe one or all of them are alive and every Armistice remember those two friendly females whose amorous adventures must surely have been the topic of many a conversation during those hair-raising sea convoy night watches.

Life for me then was full of exhilarating experiences. Take the time I sheltered in the London underground for the night. I'd gone up to visit a friend, not thinking there would be a raid. But I miscalculated. When the siren shrilled and Amy, my friend, told me to make for the Tube late that Wednesday evening, I followed her, wishing like hell that I'd never gone up to town and hoping that the entrances wouldn't be blown to smithereens, trapping us below. We scarpered like frightened rabbits down the steps of the Tube, not noticing who was nearby. Once down in the bowels of the earth we got our breath back and found ourselves a seat, then lit cigarettes and chattered. We weren't alone: children were screaming and crying and mothers were trying to put them to bed while others were giggling and singing, trying to pass the time away. Time dragged on and we were told that the All Clear hadn't gone so Amy suggested we should spend the night there. That must have been one of the worst bombing nights of all, but for me it was full of rapturous memories that will never ever leave my mind or my body.

He wore the flash of an air gunner and he told me he was in a Lancaster crew. His uniform also bore two stripes, so I assumed he knew what he was talking about. We were huddled up on the ground together in a corner with other bodies, arms, legs and heads all around us. Some people were talking, others snored, but I was mesmerised by the scene. Amy, I saw, had found herself a cute young man of about twenty. I began making conversation with Sid. People had different names then. There were Sids, Freds, Alfreds, leftovers of the days of Queen Victoria.

Sid didn't speak about himself. As we talked, he slipped his arm around me and began to stroke my hair. We cuddled up next to one another for warmth and security more than anything else and I put my arm around his body. The familiar rough feeling of serge made my fingers tingle. I latched on to his belt and pushed myself closer. I wanted to invite him to feel me, but in the cramped and closed conditions we were in, it was difficult. But I still felt like it. I always did when I was a little afraid.

Sid's hand slid nervously on to my kneecap and felt the softness of my silk stockings, my present from Buddy, then his hand moved up making that teeth-grinding noise that nails make against a silk-clad leg. I was still slightly inhibited by the presence of a small child whose head was snuggled down by my ankle, though she was fast asleep, her face barely visible above the blanket which shrouded her from the world.

When Sid's hand reached the top of my hose, he moved a finger around as if it were the advance party reconnoitring the land. It found my suspender belt, then tiptoed further up until it touched the crutch of my silk cami-knickers. I pulled his head closer to my body and started to unbutton the cardigan of my twinset. It was almost as if we were stapled to one position; he could not move backwards because he was already against the wall and I couldn't stretch my legs because of the child's head. On the other side of me a young couple slept huddled together, their faces within half an inch of one another, their arms interlaced and their gas masks snuggled just to the left of them.

Very stealthily I opened my legs slightly by moving my right leg to one side so that his fingers could delve between them. They wasted no time, the tiptoeing stopped and the full battalion of five digits rushed downward, opening the sycamore leaves of flesh there; then he shot one of his fingers into me so that my head jerked to one side with excitement. I wriggled a little as he started a rhythmic in and out movement and, although it nearly squashed my hand, I managed to get it down the front of his trousers. To my joy, I felt the serge-covered organ ready, willing and able to slide out from its cover and into me. I wanted him almost with a kind of desperation. My body was covered in a thin film of perspiration, as though baptised by sex.

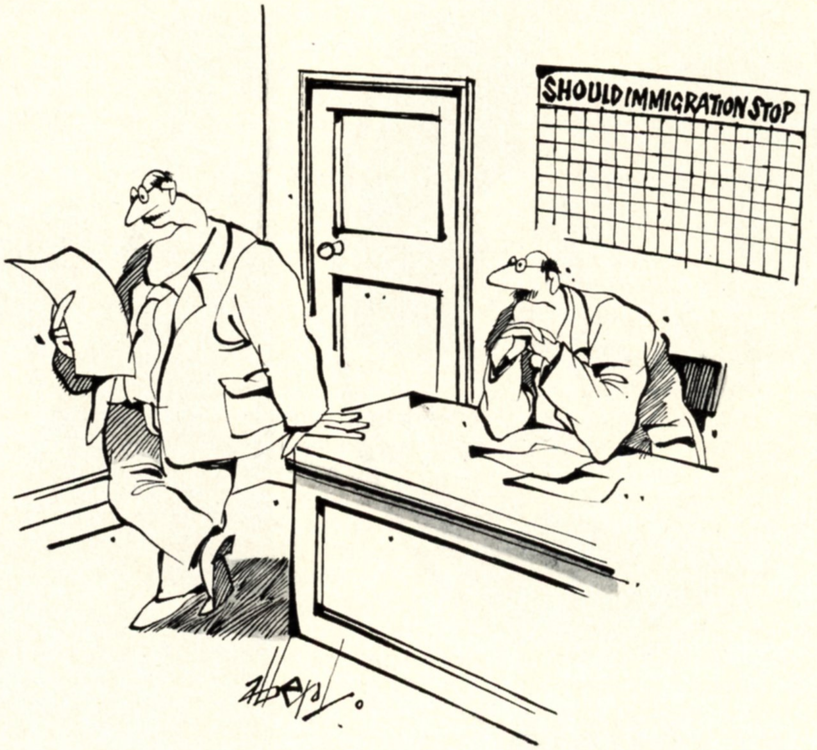
But we knew we had to move and I was the instigator. I pulled up my sweater over my breasts then grabbed my bra and pulled it clear. Then I waited for him to go on. He did it suddenly, as though astonished by the idea that we were actually going to make love, and squeezed himself on top of me.

But he still had to get my skirt up and my knickers down. People grunted and groaned in their sleep whenever either of us moved, as if they knew what we were doing. Cautiously, he pulled his blanket up a bit further and in doing so, hid more of our bodies from view as well as managing to get my skirt above my thighs. We lay still again; I could feel his rampant manhood against my leg and his trembling thighs.

I was elated by the idea of what we were doing. If I inclined my head slightly, I could see people talking only a few yards away and I saw the humorous side of it all – a gunner and a married woman having it away in the Tube.

Eventually I managed to get my hand down between us and slowly undid the buttons on my panties, easing my legs quietly open to let Sid slip between them. Muffling an orgasm isn't the easiest task in the world but somehow we both managed and I carried away memories of Sid as a marvellous lover. Or was it that simply we were both secret exhibitionists, finally granted the opportunity to act our fantasies? At day break when the All Clear eventually hummed through the sky he was gone.

I'm sure that many people sorely miss the war years. They were hard and uncertain but we were all close to the real things of life and sex was no exception. Yes we miss the good old days when father had gone to war and mother was on the batter!



'Two said yes, and 3,240 threatened me with spears.'

NINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROLAND ARMSTRONG

There can surely be few more pleasing things to the eye of the male beholder than the pictures that you see before you at this moment. Just look at the bodywork, the sleek lines, the firm upholstery, the classy chassis – and that's just Nina Jensen; the Rolls looks pretty good too. Nineteen-year-old Nina has become one of Britain's most popular models since coming over from her native town of Søborg in Denmark about a year and a half ago. Not only has she a string of magazine appearances to her credit, but she's also a member of the celebrated *Sun* page three 'sorority' and has just finished her first movie role in the nudie epic *Come Play With Me*. This has in turn led to another part being offered to Nina in

AAN 46

a film called *Golden Lady* which is due to start filming in the very near future. When first arrived in this country, Nina initially worked as a waitress before deciding to turn her 35-23-34 towards modelling. It says a great deal for her tenacity and determination that she learned English from scratch in a mere six months in order to break into films. 'Though I haven't done any television work yet,' says Nina with just a tinge of sadness, 'but I'm hoping that something will come along before too long.' Though now firmly domiciled in London, Nina still gets twinges of homesickness from time to time, twinges that can only be alleviated by jetting across the North Sea and spending a couple of weeks at home. In London, Nina's a keen disco fan and can be found in, among others, *La Valbonne* in Kingly Street where, incidentally, she was spotted by photographer Roland Armstrong. Nina's busy work schedule doesn't leave her that much time for boyfriends, although one such is a well-known footballer. As to his identity, Nina smiles enigmatically and keeps us guessing.

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LETTERS

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blue films, there is a need for a magazine to present photo-reviews of the 'X' films that one can expect to see at the local ABC or Odeon. Why not devote a couple of pages of each issue of *Mayfair* to a photo-review of the latest, preferably British, X films?

These films often feature actresses who are already, or who are destined to become, household names. How about starting with 'Under the Doctor' which stars Hilary Pritchard and Penny Spencer, the latter being a former *Mayfair* girl?

M B, Wembley, Middx

Hat's off to your 'Carrie' artist in Vol 12 No 5. Very nice and a bit naughty.

I hope we see Carrie's young nephew Peter again very soon. He's an enthusiastic young fellow, obviously capable of causing developments for Carrie – if she's not careful.

At Peter's age I don't think I'd be able to retain my pants after a wrestle with an auntie as well-made as Carrie. Next time how about giving Peter a 'cat-that's-had-the-cream' look in the last scene? And Carrie too would have a dreamy contented expression.

J B, East Lancs

The definition of pornography, coming from the original Greek, is 'writings of prostitutes.' This, unfortunately, is what *Mayfair* and similar magazines are all about – wholesale prostitution on a large organised scale. Print this if you dare.

C King, London W3

Thank you for providing us with so much enjoyment and happiness through your excellent and delightful magazine.

I love the articles and features, but most of all I enjoy the ever-interesting 'Quest'. The crowning gems of *Mayfair*, though, are the beautiful girls – but do you think it possible to feature more girls in the eighteen to twenty age group?

Mayfair has truly earned the honour of having the largest UK men's magazine circulation.

M K, Bradford, Ontario, Canada

It struck me recently that, like myself, many men readers of *Mayfair* must dream of what it would be like actually to be with your models and appear with them in features.

It would be intriguing to see your girls – eg: Alexandra in Vol 12 No 5, Susan in Vol 12 No 4 or Nicola in Vol 11 No 12 – photographed with a male friend.

Maybe there is a shortage of male models but if so I, for one, would be interested in offering my services.

I believe that photographs of this kind would be a turn-on for many heterosexual men.

J B, Chichester

My husband and I enjoy *Mayfair*, especially the girls and letters pages.

Did any of your readers notice the similarity in decor surrounding vivacious Vikki (Vol 12 No 4) and a house shown recently in *Ideal Home*?

I agree with W B of Scotland who said that Ed Alexander and Roy Brewington photograph the models exceptionally well, and may I add in such lovely surroundings. I realize that people who own the houses, flats or gardens might not wish to advertise, and a lot of your readers may only be interested in the girl and her vital statistics and not whether the curtains came from Liberty's, Heal's or Laura Ashley. I am not asking you to change but when you are interested in interiors and decor, it is very frustrating not knowing where the furnishings came from.

One other point, I request that more girls be photographed with their boyfriends. The last, I think, was in Vol 10 No 6.

Mrs P Cook, Birmingham

Some years ago, in the days before tights, I was travelling on a tube train back to my digs. It was early afternoon. I noticed an attractive woman, in her early thirties, sitting opposite me. She had her legs crossed and shapely legs they were too. She seemed engrossed in a novel, but occasionally she would uncross her legs and then recross them, giving me fleeting glimpses of stocking-tops, white flesh and pale green panties.

We were nearing the end of the line and there were only the two of us in the carriage. By now she was sitting in such a way that I could see up her skirt. Needless to say I, too, had crossed my legs in an

turn to page 109

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LETTERS

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effort to hide the bulge in my trousers.

Suddenly the woman closed her novel but made no attempt to adjust her skirt. She opened her handbag, took out a packet of cigarettes and leaned forward to ask me for a light. Quickly I moved across the carriage to the seat next to her, hoping she wouldn't notice my excitement. She gave me no sign that she had done and as I offered her a lighted match, her hands came up over mine as she bent to light her cigarette. Thus we made contact. She held my hands in hers after her cigarette was lighted and seemed reluctant to let them go. I had to pull them away to dispose of the match. She asked me if I was doing anything special for an hour or two. I was rather taken aback and thought she was on the game. I began to stammer something about not being able to afford it and she told me, point blank, that she fancied me. She also made a reference to my obvious erection, telling me that it looked like a big one. 'You fancy me, don't you?' she asked, and I had to admit that I did. 'Well, I'm getting off at the next stop,' she said as the train began to slow down.

I got up to leave with her and she took my arm, pressing close.

'I've seen you on the train several times, but this is the first time I have had you to myself,' she told me. We left the station and she led me to a waiting taxi. She climbed in, displaying stocking-tops and white thigh and I seated myself beside her. As we drove off she snuggled up to me.

'I'm so excited. I've never done anything like this before. I'm so wet, you know what I mean?' I assured her that I did and pressed my upper arm hard against the side of her breast.

We drew up outside a shop in the High Street and she waited while I paid off the taxi and then led me along a passageway to a door. She had a flat over a small shop and as I followed her up the stairs I noticed that her legs were even shapelier than I had first imagined.

On the top of the landing she turned to me and I took her in my arms. Her lips opened under mine, her tongue entered my mouth. She did not resist as I dragged up her skirt. At first I caressed her buttocks through her panties. She twisted her hips and my fingers found her crotch. She moaned softly. She was wet through; she arched her back, forcing her crotch hard against my fingers. When I began to tug her panties down she snatched her lips from mine. 'Not here,' she said. 'Let's go into my bedroom.'

We quickly stripped each other and for a moment she gazed in fascination at my six inch penis and then threw herself onto the bed, on her back, knees up, legs parted, holding her arms out to me. It was soon over: she came twice – once on entry and once with me. We made love three times in less than an hour: she was a divorcee and had not had a man for a year. In the two hours I spent with her I had her five times. She had two children at school and she made me promise that I would visit her again in the afternoon whenever I could. I re-arranged my affairs so I could spend as long as possible with her. She was insatiable and would usually be wet with anticipation.

School holidays, though, were hell for us both. After one holiday she was so worked up that I had her on the stairs leading to her flat, going into her through the leg of her panties.

Another time I met her as she returned from shopping and we began love-making in her kitchen, ending with her stretched across the kitchen table as I thrust into her. Our relationship lasted until I was promoted and had to work outside the area. It died-off because I could not visit her during the day, but no doubt she found another lover.

Sam Wilson, (Address withheld)

Félicitations, en général, pour *Mayfair*, l'une des plus luxueuses et des mieux 'fournies' parmi les publications de charme. Mais bravo, cent fois bravo, surtout, pour le Vol 12 No 1, offrant le fabuleuses photos de Brigitte Bardot. Insurpassable, irremplaçable Brigitte Bardot! Republiez, très vite, des nouvelles photos de celle qui continue à faire rêver des millions d'hommes et

turn to page 112

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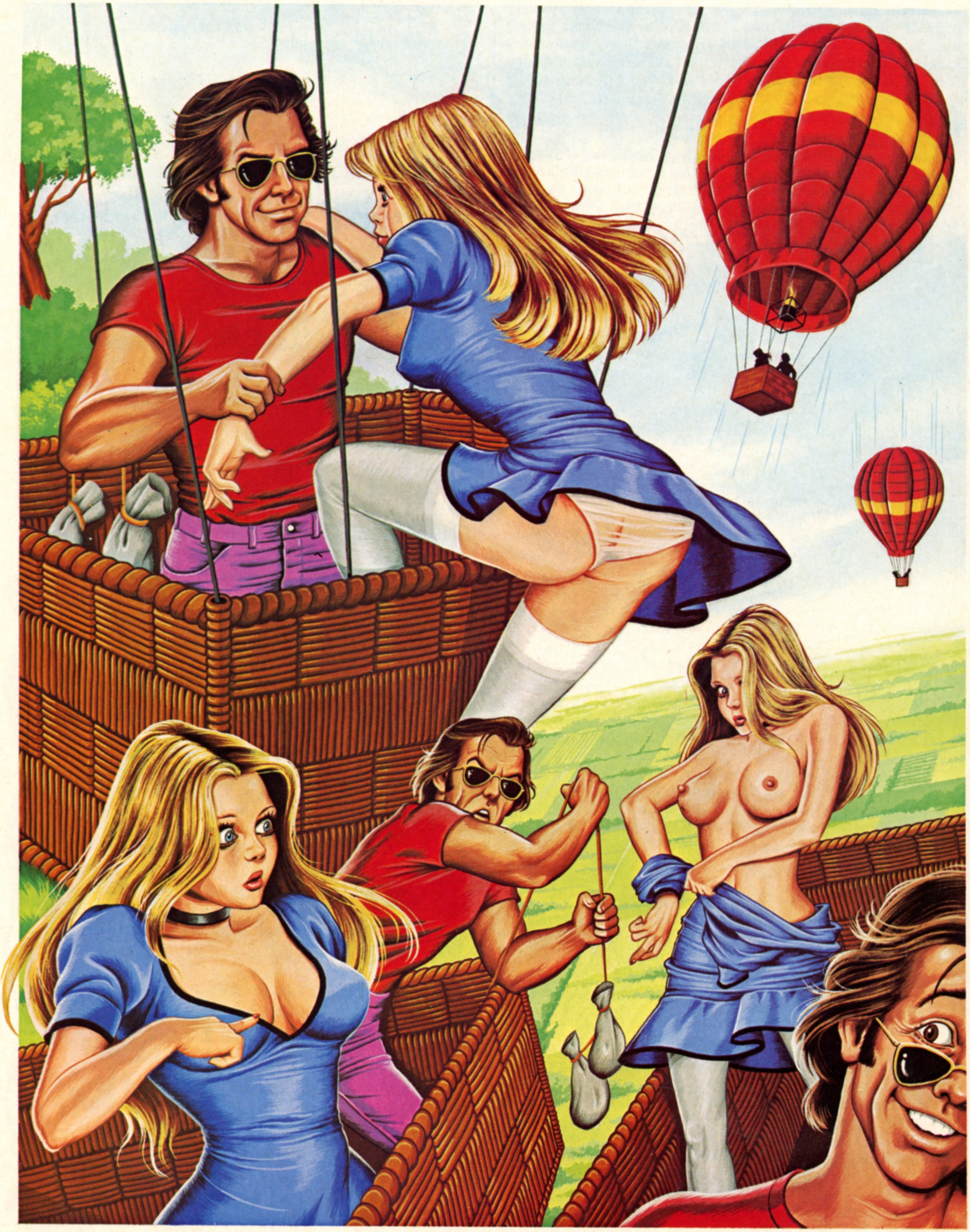

Drawn by
STEVE KINGSTON
Story by
DAVID BRENNER

LETTERS

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de . . . femmes. Ces photos sont ce que *Mayfair* a publié de plus beau à ce jour: merci, merci, bravo et . . . encore!

Bravo également pour Ursula, dans le même numéro. Mais Miss Andress méritait – au moins — quatre pages supplémentaires.

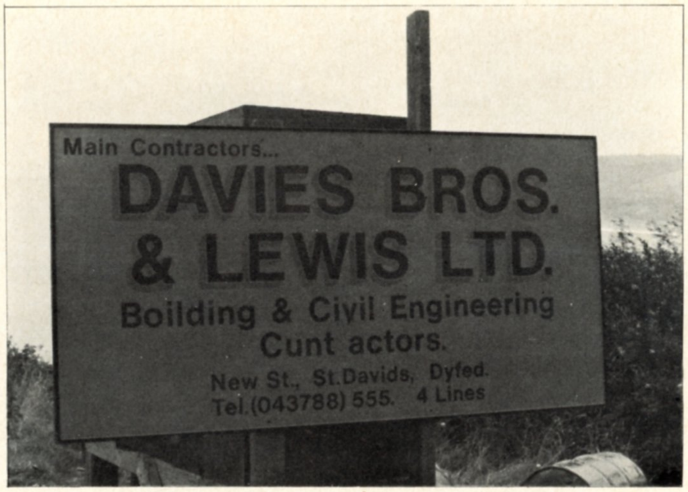
Ne pourriez-vous songer à publier une grande photo nue de B B ou d'Ursula en double page centrale?

Montrez-nous des stars nue: je suis sûr que les photos de Brigitte Bardot et d'Ursula vous ont valu un courrier de felicitations. Remontrez-nous, bien sûr, ces deux superbes déesses, mais aussi (nues) Romy Schneider, Jacqueline Bisset, Raquel Welch, Laura Antonelli, Laura Gemser (Black Emmanuelle), Sarah Miles, Olga Georges-Picot, Marisa Berenson, Claudia Cardinale, Julie Christie. Nues ou très sexy.

Bravo enfin pour Lynda Lusardi dans le Vol 12 No 2. Encore!

A L, Brussels, Belgium

We thought printing this 'au naturel' would encourage a few of you to brush up your schoolboy French. Double page centrale is delightful 'Franglais'.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I took the photograph (above) last summer while on holiday in New Quay, Cardiganshire. Many of my college friends have seen it and found it very funny.

More power to your elbow in producing a great magazine of a high standard throughout and which is very much appreciated in Evans Hall at the Poly of Wales.

D Evans, Pontypridd

I enjoyed the letter from N W O (Vol 12 No 5) about caning and would like to say that I believe he is far from the freak he at first thought he was. I also derive a certain joy when pain is applied by the female sex. I think that a great number of people are turned-on by beatings given by the opposite sex, but are too afraid to say so.

J K L, Enfield

How many readers share my views on the ideal girl for a lay. These are the qualities I look for.

1 She should be enthusiastic.
2 A taut young body.
3 Attractive face and hair.
4 Pleasing personality, well-educated and able to talk on many topics.
5 Dresses well with expensive and flimsy underwear.
6 Clean and smelling of new-mown hay or other suitable perfume.
7 Although I agree in general that 'happiness is a tight pussy,' I don't want to have to struggle to get in. No shaving!
8 Large taut boobs set close together but outward-looking with small buttony tips easily and strongly aroused.
9 Long shapely legs culminating in a protuberant bottom, not averse to being spanked.

If we give twenty points for the first quality and ten for the others, who can claim a ninety per cent girl?

Name and address withheld

Applicants should apply in triplicate.

Since reading *Mayfair* I have become a dedicated fancier of boobs. While believing there is such a situation as 'too much of a good thing', I found the recent letter from A S of Edmonton, of more than passing interest. In fact, it was very titillating. She, and her sister with their respective measurements of forty and forty-two inches, sound real eye-openers. However, the thing which really intrigued me was Miss A S's description of her areolae and nipples – five and three-quarters inches of areolae and one and a half inches of erect nipple.

Is there a chance of a pictorial feature on Miss A S and her sister?

E S, Lismore, Australia

We're afraid that it's now up to Miss A S and her sister.

The following passage is from the *Financial Times* of March 1. I hope it raises a laugh with other readers as it did with me.

It appears under the heading:
NEW CONCRETE VIBRATORS

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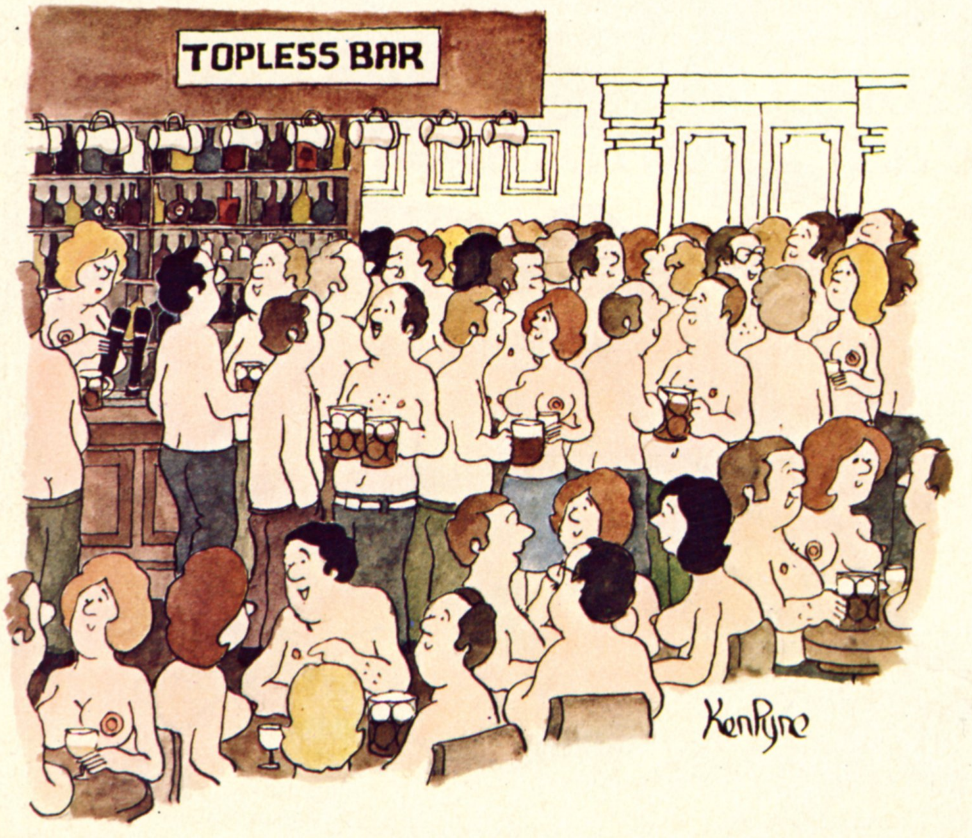
A B, Fareham, Hants

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



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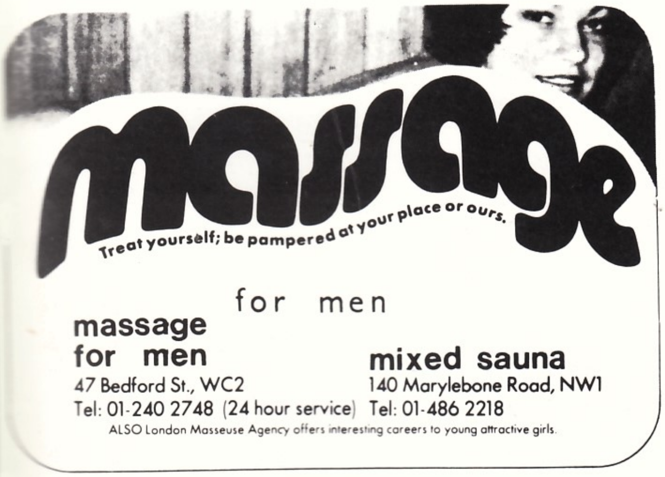

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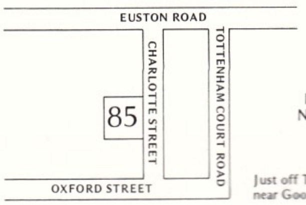

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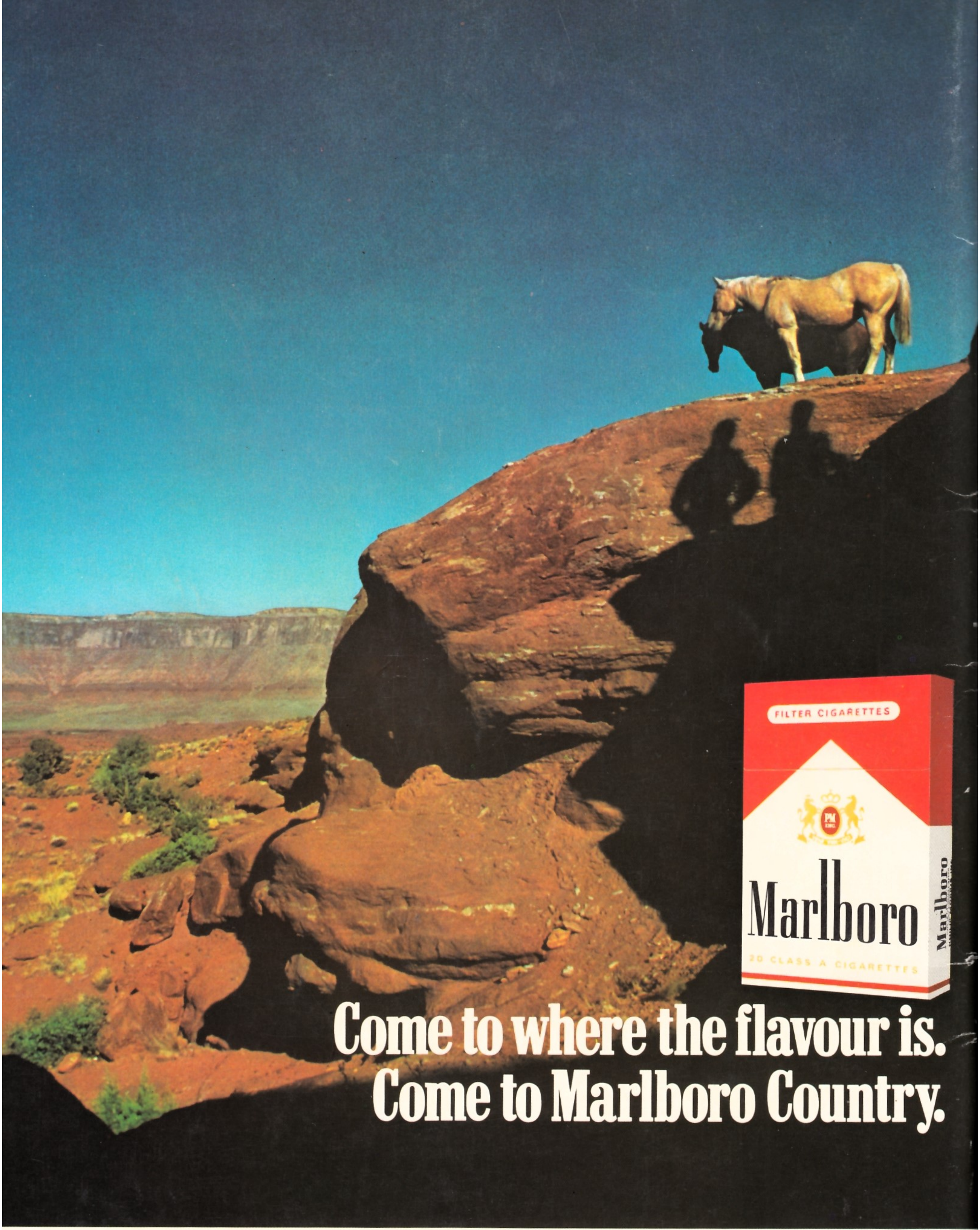
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